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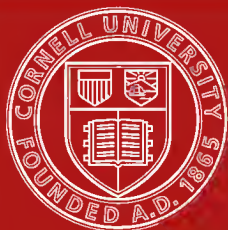
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THE DIALOGUE
OF
SOLOMON AND MARCOLPHUS

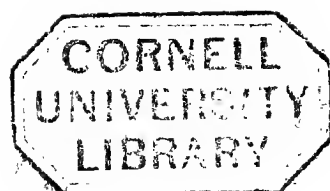


THE DIALOGUE OR COMMUNING
BETWEEN THE WISE KING
SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS

EDITED BY E. GORDON DUFF



LONDON: LAWRENCE & BULLEN
16 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
MDCCCXCII



P R E F A C E.

NO apology will be needed for this reproduction in facsimile of a book so full of interest both for the scholar and the bibliographer.

For the benefit of those who find the reading of black letter irksome, a reprint in Roman type has been added : while the bibliography of early editions at the end of the book will, it is hoped, assist those who wish to study the subject more fully. In the introduction I have endeavoured to give, as shortly as possible, an account of the growth of the legend, and I must acknowledge my special indebtedness to two writers on the subject, J. M. Kemble and M. W. MacCallum. I must thank Mr. E. B. W. Nicholson, Bodley's librarian, for permission to have the original reproduced ; and the photographer of the Clarendon Press for the care which has produced so good a result. To my friend Mr. F. Jenkinson, librarian of the University Library, Cambridge, I am indebted for much kind help.

E. G. D.

February, 1892.

INTRODUCTION.

OF the many stories which found favour in the middle ages few seem to have exceeded in popularity *The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus*. The number of editions which issued from the press soon after the invention of printing was very large; and it was the only book of its kind, so far as we know, which was considered of sufficient importance to be published in an English translation. Of that translation but one copy has survived, from which our present facsimile is taken.

The story begins with the introduction of Marcolphus "right rude and great of body, of visage greatly misshapen and foul" to Solomon "full of wisdom and riches" seated upon the throne of David his father. Having heard of the wit of Marcolphus, Solomon invites him to dispute. Then follows a contest between quarter-staff and rapier, the wisdom of Solomon parried by witty

answers, though, indeed, neither the wisdom nor the wit is of a high order; but the answers of Marcolphus are of interest, consisting, as they often do, of popular proverbs.

The second part, in which dialogue is exchanged for narrative, begins with the visit of Solomon to the hut of Marcolphus, and Marcolphus' summons to court. There his behaviour is so impudent that Solomon threatens him with summary punishment unless he can watch with him through the night. Marcolphus continually begins to fall asleep, and, when accused by Solomon, offers the excuse, which is still popular, that he has been meditating; and, in order to substantiate his assertions, mentions the subjects of his meditations: that a hare has as many joints in her tail as in her back-bone (a vulgar error that has escaped Sir Thomas Browne); that a magpie has as many white feathers as black; that nothing is lighter than the day; that men may not trust women; that nature goeth afore learning. All these propositions are proved by Marcolphus during the following day, but in a manner which so enrages Solomon that he drives Marcolphus from the court. Marcolphus, however, returns by a trick; but again offends the king by spitting upon the bald head of a courtier, as the only bare place he could see. Then follows the judgment of Solomon, which is severely criticised by Marcolphus, and Solomon's praise of women in the abstract is turned by a trick of Marcolphus into very concrete abuse, in which Solomon quaintly says: "All

wickedness fall upon women as the sand falleth in the shoes of old people going up a hill". Marcolphus, for this escapade, is banished from the court, and commanded never to show his face to the king again. Though the letter of this command is obeyed, the spirit is broken by an indecent quibble, and with this last trick Solomon's patience is exhausted. Marcolphus is sentenced to be hanged. One favour only is granted him—he may choose his own tree; the result being that Marcolphus and his guards search through the vale of Josaphath to Jericho, over Jordan, through Arabia and the wilderness to the Red Sea, but "never more could Marcolf find a tree that he would choose to hang on". Escaping by this excuse from the hands of Solomon, he returned home and lived in peace.

This story is, however, by no means the earliest version of the legend, which has existed in various forms and under various names from the earliest period. In recent times it has received a good deal of attention, and exercised the ingenuity of many scholars; but, in spite of the wealth of erudition expended upon it, its origin is still obscure and uncertain.

The groundwork of the portions relating to Solomon is naturally to be found in the Bible, and such other early sources as the Talmud and Josephus. His wonderful gift of wisdom presented to early weavers of romance a subject too tempting to be passed over, and countless legends were founded upon it. Indeed, it has proved a favourite theme

in more recent times; for in 1620 a book containing 319 enigmata, which Hiram, Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba explained to each other, was published at Frankfurt.

It is, however, no such easy matter to settle the origin of the character of Marcolphus. Even the meaning and derivation of the name are unknown.¹ William of Tyre, in the twelfth century, suggested that the Marcolphus of the popular stories was the same person as Abdimus, the son of Abdaemon of Tyre, who answered in chains the questions of Hiram for Solomon. There seems in this statement to be some confusion with the Abdemon referred to by Josephus who assisted Hiram against Solomon. Some

¹ The name of Marcolphus, which occurs as early as the tenth century, has never been satisfactorily explained. Kemble would have it to be *Mearc-wulf*, the wolf of the marches or boundary land; but no explanation can be accepted which does not give the original source of the name, or account for the identity of Marcolphus with the Saturnus of the Anglo-Saxon version. Marcolphus speaks of himself as coming from the East, and Saturnus refers to the land of Marculf, "*Marculf's eard*," between the treasure-halls of the Medes and the realm of Saul in the list of places he had visited. It is interesting, in this connection, to note the passage in *Æthicus*: "*Diem festum non habent, nisi quod mense Augusto mediante colunt Saturnum . . . in insula majori maris oceani Taraconta. . . . Appellaverunt linguâ suâ Morcholom, id est stellam Deorum, quod derivato nomine Saturnum appellant.*" In Hebrew, Morcholom could easily be confused in writing with Morcholos, and is perhaps the same as Markolis: whom Buxtorf gives as *Mercurius*. These various attempts at explanation, though very unsatisfactory, all tend to show that Marcolphus was originally conceived as a superhuman personage. It is worth noticing that many of the early theological writers consider Saturnus to be the same as Moloch.

authorities contend that there is still further confusion, and that the person who worked in chains and answered Solomon's questions is none other than the Ashmedai or Asmodeus spoken of in the Talmud, who, overcome with wine, was bound by Solomon with a chain bearing the name of God, and was compelled to work on the building of the Temple, and to answer all his questions.

The earliest form of the story, as far as can be gathered from allusions to it, was a serious dialogue on theological and mystical questions between two persons of equal learning but of widely different feeling. If we accept Asmodeus, the prince of demons, as a prototype of the early Marcolphus, or, as he was called in England, Saturnus, the contest becomes one between inspired and infernal wisdom; and a manifest connection is found between the Eastern allegory and the earliest forms of the legend in the West, in which Saturnus, earl of a country "where no man may step with feet," contends in argument with Solomon. As early as the fifth century we find a composition under the name "*Contradictio Salomonis*" expelled by Pope Gelasius from the canon, but the dialogue of Marcolphus with Solomon is first mentioned under that name by Notker in the eleventh century: "*Habent etiam talia sæculares literæ. Quid est enim, quum dicunt Marcolphum contra proverbîa Salomonis certasse?*"

From a remote period forms of the dialogue seem to have been known in England, and two very early versions,

under the title of "Solomon and Saturnus," are still in existence. These were edited with laborious notes for the Ælfric Society by Mr. J. M. Kemble, in 1848. One version, which is mostly in poetry, is known from two MSS. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, each containing a portion of the story. This is in two parts. The first part consists of Solomon's elaborate explanation of the Pater Noster, setting forth the power and value of the individual letters in a manner which, to a modern reader, would seem to require wisdom even greater than Solomon's to understand. The second part is a theological and moral disputation, bearing no resemblance to other versions of the story, except in being arranged in the form of a dialogue.

Another Anglo-Saxon dialogue, in prose, under the name of "Solomon and Saturnus," was printed by Thorpe in his *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*. It, too, bears little relation to other versions, except in its form. It is a series of questions and answers relating to biblical and physical matters, and differs little in tendency from such collections as the dialogue of Adrian and Ritheus, and from the later Master of Oxenforde's Catechism.

Though it is more than probable that at this early time serious forms of the legend were generally current in Europe, we have now no remaining trace of their existence, except in the Anglo-Saxon versions, and a French version of considerably later date. It is, therefore, impossible to follow the migrations of the story from the

East, or mark the modifications it received on its passage. The story in its earliest extant forms has acquired homely and humorous touches, the production perhaps of the cloister; for the monk, starved upon seriousness, was the earliest cultivator of humour. Being also the guardian of learning, it was only natural that the early stories, as they passed through his keeping, should lose something of their original severity. However we try to account for it, the fact remains that by the time the legend became generally current on the Continent it had assumed a very Teutonic appearance, and had lost almost all its Eastern traits, so much so that some writers would have us disbelieve its Eastern origin altogether. These great and radical changes seem to have been introduced about the twelfth century. Marcolphus no longer appears as a wise person able to cope with Solomon on the same level, and in a grave spirit; he is now "Marcolf the more foole," a gross rustic dependent upon his mother wit, and content to parody Solomon's wise sayings. His mythical, super-human character is gone, and he has changed without any gradation that we know of from the very highest to the humblest position; he has changed from a deity to a Teutonic peasant of the coarsest description. The cause or purpose of this change is unknown; though reason may then have dictated it, reason certainly cannot now explain it.

The story in its altered form seems to have been best known and most popular in Germany, and we know of at

least two versions current there. The first is in prose, and is stated by its author to have been translated from the Latin. "I sat within my cell and found a book that was written in Latin; in the same book I found many words which do not sound polite in the German tongue. I pray old and young that read the story as it stands here written that of their courtesy they will excuse me for that I could not turn the Latin into German better, so that it should still preserve its force." The second version, which is in poetry, was made in the fifteenth century by Gregor Hayden, and it too was a translation from the Latin, as the author states:—

"Lateynisch ich die hystory han
Funden und in Teutcb gerichtet".

Both these German versions as well as the Latin correspond with one another in their general outline, which has already been given from the English translation. There is, however, an entirely separate story, a romance of chivalry or gleeman's poem, under the same title, which it is necessary to notice, as we not unfrequently find an ill-made abridgment of it appended to the ordinary story of Solomon and Marcolphus as a third part.¹

The following abstract of it I quote from Mr. MacCallum's learned article on Solomon in Europe²:—

¹ An edition of this book was published in 1499 (Strassburg, Matthias Hupfuff, 4to) with the following title: "Dis buch seit von Kunig salo || mon und siner huxzfrow || en Salome wie sy der Kunig fore nam und wie || sy Morolf Künig salomō brüder wider brocht".

² *Studies in Low German and High German Literature*, by M. W. MacCallum. London, 1884.

“ Solomon’s wife secretly loves a heathen. To procure her he sends two gleemen, who place in her mouth a magic root that immediately stupefies her. All believe her to be dead except Marolf, and his attempt to expose her by pouring molten lead upon her hand fails through the potency of the magic ; so the queen is carried off. Marolf, disguised as a pedlar with a number of nick-nacks, sets out to discover her, and at length, before the gate of her new lord’s palace, identifies the runaway by her burned hand as she buys of him a pair of gloves. He hastens home to report, and by his advice Solomon in palmer’s weeds enters the castle of the heathen, while Marolf waits with the troops to rescue the king at the sound of the horn. Meanwhile the faithless wife sees through her husband’s disguise, and delivers him to her paramour. Asked what he would do were their positions reversed, Solomon replies that he would hang his rival on any tree he liked to choose. When this sentence is about to be executed he begs leave to blow three blasts with his horn. At the third Marolf appears on the scene, the heathen is hanged, and the queen bled to death.”

Whatever are the merits of this third part, there can be no doubt that our English version has lost little by its omission. It may have points in its favour, as indeed historically it has, but it forms, nevertheless, a poor and inappropriate ending to the earlier story. It has all the weakness of a sequel with many new faults, for the actors have entirely falsified their characters, and, while Solomon

has descended, Marcolphus has risen to be his ally—unscrupulous, even dishonest, but still with a character entirely opposed to the *rustique malin* of the earlier parts. Its main value lies in its forming one of the strongest links connecting the German version with the early legends relating to Solomon; indeed, if it were not for this story the Eastern and Western legends would have little in common.

Though we have only the one printed edition of this form of the story, and though so far as I am aware no English manuscripts of it are in existence, we have conclusive evidence from allusions in other writers that it had for long been well known in this country. In the proverbs of Hendyng we find :—

“ Mon þat wol of wysdam heren
At wyse Hendyng he may lernen
þat wes Marcolves sone ”.

Since Hending is the personification of shrewd wisdom, and the knowledge that comes of experience, and is spoken of as Marcolf's son, the story in its changed form must have then been known, and the existence of the name Marcolf would seem also to show that the story was not the direct descendant of the old Solomon and Saturnus, but an offshoot of the German form of the legend. John Awdeley, the blind and deaf monk of Haghmon, and John Lydgate, both refer to Marcolf in their poems simply as a fool, and in a manner which shows that his story was well known. We must suppose, how-

ever, that the interest in the story was declining, since so far as we know no English printer thought it worth his while to issue an edition of it. The popularity of this middle version on the Continent is strikingly illustrated by the number of editions which issued from the press soon after the invention of printing. These were mostly printed in Germany and the Low Countries, but few having been published in France or Italy. Italy was too much engaged with the new learning of the Renaissance to trouble itself with such old-fashioned stories. France required something more frivolous to engage its attention. It has one version of this form of the story entitled: "Les Ditz de Salomon et de Marcolphus, translatez du Latin en francois par Maistre iehan diury," printed at Paris by Guillaume Eustace in 1509. This translation, which is in poetry and accompanied by the sayings of the seven sages, has a modest introduction from the translator, who says that he has ventured to render the popular story into French "combien qu'il fust mieux en latin".

The beginning of the sixteenth century, the period which produced the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, was well qualified to appreciate the somewhat coarse humour of "Solomon and Marcolphus". Indeed, we find versions of "Solomon and Marcolphus" appended to some later editions of the *Epistolae*, while the name Marcolphus occurs amongst the many fictitious correspondents of Ortuinus Gratius. This later version

seems to have been edited by Gartner, and professes to be a fresh translation. The story is also found as an appendix in some editions of the *Antidotarium Melancholiae*.

At a considerably earlier date than this the story underwent its final degradation, and became popular in a French translation. A short Latin version of this poem exists, and is ascribed somewhat vaguely and unreasonably to Walter Mapes, but there is no doubt that it is simply a translation of the French. Naturally, what was gross in the original, becomes immoral in its French form; indeed, the subject of the dialogue is solely confined to a description of the vices and demerits of lewd women, and the whole is very typical of a certain class of French poetry of this period, in which morality was rare, and even decency exceptional.

There is one earlier version, however, to which this sweeping condemnation does not apply: that written in the thirteenth century, and ascribed to Pierre, surnamed Mauclerc, Count of Bretagne.¹

It is neither in the least indecent nor in the least interesting, and though it is written in the same form as the more ribald versions, has nothing in common with them. The sayings both of Solomon and Marcolphus are often vague and rarely proverbial, while many are probably of the count's own composition, and have not even

¹ Reprinted from a MS. in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, in M. G. A. Crapelet's "Proverbes et Dictons populaires". Paris, 1831.

the marks of antiquity. On the other hand, there are some traces of what the earlier versions may have been, and it is certainly more in touch with the old spirit than are the gay parodies which superseded it.

Another version, of which there are several MSS., is quoted by Méon;¹ it ran to 136 verses of tedious immorality, but was soon cut down to the size we find it at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The printed editions contain only 23 double stanzas, and a translation of one of these editions was printed about 1527 by Richard Pynson. After this time we seem to lose sight of the story in England, but on the Continent it retained its popularity. Hans Folz wrote a farce, and the more famous Hans Sachs, the "Cobbler-Bard," both a farce and a comedy on the subject of Solomon, in all of which Marcolphus occurs as a principal character. Later in the century Giulio Cesare Croce composed the life of Bertholdo, a modern copy of Marcolphus, who had a wife named Marcolpha,—additional proof, were other evidence wanting, that Croce drew largely on our old story for many of the main features of his plot. At a considerably later date this story found such favour with a certain section of Italian literati that a body of twenty-three dilettante scholars conspired together to turn it into epic verse, and this was published, to the terror of the Academy Della Crusca, at Bologna in 1736. Later on it

¹ *Nouveaux Recueil de Fabliaux et Contes*, par M. Méon. 2 vols. Paris, 1823.

was translated from the Tuscan into the Bolognese dialect, and again into the Venetian, and from these into Romaic. Versions of the story are to be found in Low Dutch, in Danish, in Slavonic, in Polish, and even in Icelandic and Welsh.

England, it will be seen, possesses the three distinct versions: the grave and theological in the Anglo-Saxon, the humorous middle version in Leeu's edition, and the gay parody in Pynson's. The two latter do not seem to have attained much popularity, for they were never reprinted. But though in their complete form they disappeared from view, their stories were not so readily forgotten. They passed through book after book, under various names, and with many disguises: through the jests of Scogin and Archie Armstrong, through the works of "Joe Miller," and Captain Marryat; and even now, in our own day, they still seem to possess a lingering vitality.

Two editions only of *The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus* are known to have been published in English, and these two differ entirely. One is a translation of the Latin text as found in the earlier printed editions, while the other is a translation of the little French "Les Dicts de Salomon avecques les responces de marcon fort joyeuses". Apart from their great rarity (but one copy of each being known), they are of great bibliographical interest, and, as earlier writers seem to have known very little about them, a detailed description can hardly be considered superfluous.

The earlier edition, of which our present reproduction is a facsimile, was printed at Antwerp by Gerard Leeu about the year 1492. Leeu was one of the most important printers of the Low Countries, and exercised his craft first at Gouda (1477-1484), and afterwards at Antwerp (1484-1493). The facility of trade between this latter place and England no doubt suggested to him the advisability of printing books for the English market; and, having issued a small grammar and some liturgical books as an experiment, he determined on a more ambitious undertaking. A special fount of type was cut, and several important English books were issued. *The History of Jason*, *The History of Knight Paris and the Fair Vienne*, *The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus*, and *The Chronicles of England* were all issued in the years 1492 and 1493, immediately after the death of Caxton, at a time when the English press seems to have lost all vitality. With the exception of the *Solomon and Marcolphus*, all these books are reprinted from Caxton's editions, and even that, though it seems improbable, may have been copied from an edition now entirely lost.

It was during the printing of the *Chronicles* that Leeu met with his death. A quarrel seems to have arisen between himself and his type-cutter, Henric van Symmen, who was anxious to obtain more lucrative employment; a fracas ensued, and Leeu received a wound in the head from which death resulted after three days' illness. That he was a good master and a kindly man we have ample

evidence to show in the colophon which was put by his workman to the *Chronicles* when finished—a simple and pathetic piece of writing: “Enprentyd by maistir Gerard de Leew, a man of grete wysedom in all maner of kunnyng: whych nowe is come from lyfe unto the deth, whiche is grete harme for many a poure man. On whos sowle god almyghty for hys hygh grace haue mercy. Amen.”

The four English books which Leeu printed are all now of the highest degree of rarity; indeed, of the *Paris and Vienne*, and the *Solomon and Marcolphus*, but single copies are known. The *Solomon and Marcolphus* is bound in a volume of tracts,¹ which came into the Bodleian with the bequest of Thomas Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, to whom that library is indebted for so many rarities.

The woodcut on the title-page seems to have been specially cut for this edition; but it afterwards came over to England, for we find it in the hands of William Copland, who used it to ornament the title-page of his editions of Howleglas, a slightly varied translation of

¹ The volume originally contained the following five quarto pieces:—

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|---------------|----------|
| 1. The Three Kings of Coleyne. | Westminster. | W. de Worde. | c. 1496. |
| 2. The Meditations of St. Bernard. | Westminster. | W. de. Worde. | 1496. |
| 3. The Governayle of Helthe. | Westminster. | W. Caxton. | c. 1490. |
| 4. Ars Moriendi. | Westminster. | W. Caxton. | c. 1491. |
| 5. Solomon and Marcolphus. | Antwerp. | G. Leeu. | c. 1492. |

The *Governayle of Helthe* and the unique *Ars Moriendi* have since been taken out and bound separately.

Eulenspiegel. It is interesting to notice that some of the answers given in this book are the same as some given by Marcolphus to Solomon.

The type in which Leeu's edition is printed is also curious. It was cut specially for printing English books, and some characteristics of English type, notably the flourish after the final *d*, were carefully copied. It was used, however, only in a few books, and is of such uncommon occurrence that it escaped the notice of M. Holtrop when publishing his facsimiles of the types of the Low Countries.

The other book relating to Solomon and Marcolphus is entitled: "The sayinges or proverbes of King Solomon, with the answers of Marcolphus, translated out of frenche into englysshe". The only copy of this edition known to exist is in the library of Mr. Christie-Miller, at Britwell Court. It belonged to Heber, and was bought at his sale for £5. When in Heber's hands it was examined by Dibdin, who has given a description of it in his *Typographical Antiquities*. A transcript of the entire text is among Douce's MSS. in the Bodleian. It is a small quarto of four leaves, containing forty-six stanzas of three lines each, one stanza forming the question of Solomon and the next the answer of Marcolphus, and is a very close translation of the French edition. It ends with the following colophon: "Imprinted at London in flete street by Rycharde Pynson; and be for to sell at ye signe of saynt John Evangelyst in saynt martyns parysshe, besyde Charynge

crosse". It was only at the end of his career that Pynson began to print books for other publishers, and we shall not be far wrong if we date the issue of this book about the years 1527-1529. It was probably printed for Robert Wyer, who started in business at the sign of St. John shortly before the year 1530.

Thi is the dyalogus or cōmynyng betwxt
the wyse king Salomon and Marcolphus.





Here begynneth the dyalogus or conynicaci
on betwixt Salomon the king of iherusalem and
Marcolphus that right rude and great of body
was but right subtyll & wyse of wyte and full
of vnderstādyng. as thereafter folowynge men
shall here.

When a season hertofore asking sa
lomō full of wisdom and riches:
sate vpon the kinges sete or stole that
was his fadres davyd: sawe co
myng a mā out of theste that was
named marcolphus. of yfage greatly mysha
pen and fowle/ nevyr thelesse he was right tal
katys elloquend & wyse. His wif had he wyth
hym whiche was more ferefull and rude to be
holde And as they were bothe comen before king
Salomō/ he behelde thaim well This marcolf
wa. of short stature and thykke A. hede had
he great: a brode for hede rede and full of wrin
kels or frouncys: his erys hery ad to the myd
dys of chekys hangyng. great yes and rēnyng.
his nether lyppe hāgyng lyke an horse. A berde
harde and fowle lyke vnto a goet. The handes
short ad blockyssh His frngres great and thyc
ke Rownde feet. & the nose thyc ke and croked. a
face lyke an asse: ad the here of hys heed lyke the
heer of a goet: his shoes on his fete: were ovyr
moche chorlyssh and rude: and his clothys fowle
and dyrtty. a shorte kote to the buttockys his ha/

lyn hyng. full of wrynkels and alle his clothes
were of the moost fowle coloure. his wyf was
of short stature and she was out of mesure thyc/
ke wyth great brestys: and the here of hyr hede
clustred lyke thystels. She had longe wynde/
browes lyke brostels of a swyne. Longe erys
lyke an asse. Rering yen: berdyd lyke a goet hyr
vysage and skyn blacke and full of wrynkels /
and vpon hyr great brestys she had of span bro/
de: a broche of leed: She had short fyngres. full
of yreuryngys. Se had right great nosethrylles
Hyr leggs short. and hery lyke a bere/ hyr clo/
thes were rough and broken/ of suche a woman
or of an othre lyke vnto hyr: a yongeman hath
made thies verses folowyng

*Femina deformis tenebrarū subdita formis
Cum turpi facie transit absqz die.*

*Est mala res multum turpi concedere cultum
Sed turpis nimirum turpe ferat viciū*

That is to saye an evyll favouryd and a fowle
blacke wyf behorpyth to shewe the dayes lyght.
It is to oure yes medycyne to se that fayre is ad
fyne

As kynge salomō thies two persones thus had/
seen/ & beholdē: he demaūded of thaim of whēs
they weryn & of what lynage they were comyn
Marcolph^o thereo answered. Saye furste to vs
poure kynrede & genleagie. & of poure fadres. &
than shall I shewe & declare yon of oures/ Salo^o

mon. I am of the vij. kyndredes of patryarkes.
 that is to wete that iudas gate phares. phares
 gat efron/ Efron gat aron/ Aron genderyd/ ami/
 nadab Aminadab gat naazon/ Naazon gat sal/
 mō Salmō gat boos/ Boos gat obeth/ Obeth gat
 ysay. ysay gat davyd king/ David gat salomō the
 king & that am I. Marcolf⁹ answeryd/ I am of
 the vij. kindred/ of Chorlys. Rustic⁹ gat rustam
 Rusta gat rustum/ Rustus gat rusticellū/ Rustis
 cell⁹ gat tarcum/ Tarc⁹ gat tarcol/ Tarcol gat
 pharsi/ Pharsi gat marcuel/ Marcuel gat mar/
 quat/ Marquat gat marcolphū & that is I. And
 my wyf is comen of the blood and. vij. kyndre/
 des of vntpyd wyues. That is to knowe/ of lu/
 pica tha gat lupicana. Lupicana gat ludibzac Lu/
 dibzac gat bonestrug/ Bonestrung gat boledrut
 Boledrut gat paldrut. Paldrut gat lordan/ Lor/
 dan gat curta/ Curta gat Curtula. Curtula gat
 Curtella. Curtella gat polica Polica gat polycana.
 & thys is my wyf Polycana. Salomon say/
 de I haue herd of the that thou kanst right we/
 le clatre and speke/ and that thou art subtile of
 wyf/ although that thou be mysshappyn ad chor/
 lyssh. Lete vs haue betwenel vs altercacon. I
 shal make questyons to the/ and thou shalt ther/
 to answer. Marcolphus answeryd/ he that sin/
 gyth worste begynne furste. Salo. If thou kãst
 vnswere to alle my questyons I shall make the
 ryche/ and be named/ above alle othre withyn

my reame. Marcol. The phisician promysyth
the seeke folke helthe whan he hath no power.
Salo. I haue inged betwixt two light women
whiche dwellyd in oon house and forlaye a chyl
de. Mar. Were erys are there'are causes. where
women be there are wordys Salo. God ya
we wysdam in my mouth. for me lyke is none
in alle partys of the worlde Marcolf. Be
that hath evyll neighborys prayssyth hym self.
Sal. The wykkydman fleyth. nomā folwyng
Marcol. Whan the kydde rennyth: men may se
his ars Salomō A good wyf and a fayre. is
to hir husbonde a pleasure Mar. A potfnll of
mylke muste be kept wele from the katte Sal.
A wyse woman byldeth an house: and she that
vnwyse and a fool is: distroyeth with hir han
des that she fyndeth made Mar. A pot that
is wele baken may best endure/ and that clene
is browyn that may they fayre drynken Salo
mon A ferdefull woman shabbe prayssed. Mar
colfus A Latte that hath a good skyn shalbe
flayne Salomō A shamefast wyf and a fayre
is mekyl to be belovyd Marcol. To pore men
whyte mete are to be kept Salo. A woman
stronge in doyng good who shall fynde. Mar.
Who shal fynde a catte trewe in keepyng mylke
Salo. Noon Mar. And a woman seldom/ Sa
lo. A fayre womā and an honest: is to be pray
sed above alle rycheffe that a man fynde may

Marcol. A fat woman and a great is larger in
yeryng than othre. Salo. A whyt kerchyf be-
comyth wele a womā's hede. Mar. It standyth
wryten: that the furre is not all lyke the sierys.
and vndre a whyte cloth often are hyd mothy's
Sal. He that sowyth wyckydnesse. shal reape
euill. Mar. He that sowyth chaf shal porely
mowe. Salo. Out of the mouth of a holy man
shal come good lernyng & wysedom. Mar. The
asse behoryth to be allweye where he fedyth
for ther it growyth: where he etyth oon gres:
there growe pl. ayen/ where he dungyth: there
it fattyth: where he pyssyth there makyth he
wete/ and where he wallowyth there bryketh
he the strawe. Sal. Lete an othre prayse the
Mar. yf I shulde my self dyspryse/ nomā shall
I please. Sal. Thou shalt ete moche ony. Mar.
That bey's dryve lykke faste theyre fyngres
Sal. In an euill wyll'd herte the spyryt of wy-
sedome shall not entre. Mar. As ye smyte wyth
an aye in an hard tre/ beware that the chippes
falle not in youre ye. Sal. It is hard to spurne
ayenst the sharp pyrkyl. Mar. The oy that dra-
wyth bacwarde shalbe twyse pycked. Sal. Fe-
de vp youre children & from thayre youthe ler-
ne thaym to do well. Mar. He that fedyth well
is cowe etyth often of the mylke. Salo. All ma-
ner kyndes turne ayen to theyre furste nature:
Mar. A worne tabyll cloth turnyth ayē to his

furste kynde Sal' What the iuge knowyth of
right & trouthe that spekyth he out. Mar. A bis-
shop that spekyth not is made a porter of a pate
Salo. Honoure is to be yeuē to the maistre and
the rodde to be feryd Mar. He that is wonte to
anoite the iuges hādes of tyn tymes he makyth
his asselene Sal. A yensf a strōg & myghty mā
thau shalt not fyghte/ ne stryve ayēst the strene
Marc/ The vultier takyth the skyn of stronge
fowles & makyth thaym nekedy of theyr fethers
/ Salo Iete vs amēde vs in good that vnwy-
thyngly we have mysdone/ Mar. As a mā wy-
pyth his ars he doth nothing ellys/ Sal' Wyl-
thon n of disceyue any man wyth fayre wordy.
Mar/ By wyf he etyth that gretyth the ether:
Salo/ wyth brawlyng people holde no cōpanye
Marc/ It is reson that he of the swyne ete that
medlyth amonge te bren/ Sal' There be many
that kan have no shame / Mar/ They lyve vn-
dre the mē that are lyke to howndes/ Sal' The-
re are many that to theyr good doers do evyl for
good Marcolphus He that yeryth bred to
an othre manys hownde shall have no thanke
Salomon It is no frende that dureyth not in
frendeshyp Mar The dung of a calf styntyth
not longe/ Sal' He sektyth many occasiōs that
woll departe from his maist/ Mar/ A woman
that woll not cōsente. seyth that she hat a skab-
byd arse Salomon A krynges worde shul-
de be vnchaungeable oz stedfaste/ Marcolfus

he is sone wery that plowyth wyth a wolf. Sa
 lonio The radiffh rotys are good mere but they
 stynke in the Connfell. Mar. He that ctyth Ra
 dyssh rotys coughyth above and vnder. Sal. It
 is lost that is spokyn a fore people that vndresta
 de not what they here. Mar. He lesyth his shafte
 that shetyth in the sande. Sal. He that stoppyth
 his erys from the crying of the pore people.oure
 lord god shall not here hym. Mar. He that we
 pyth afore a iugc lesyth his terys. Sal. Ryse vp
 thou northren wynde and come forth thou sou
 thren wynde and blowe throug my gaderne
 and the wele finellyng herbys shall growe and
 multiplie. Marc. Whast the northren wyndes
 blowe than ben the high howses in great trou
 ble and daunger. Salo. The deth nor povertye
 wyll not be hyd. Mar. A man that is brostyn
 and hydeit/they growe the moee. Sal. As thou
 syttyst at a Richemans table beholde diligently
 what comyth afore the. Mar. Alle metys that
 is ordeyned for the body/muste throug the be
 ly:and it goth in the stomak. Salo. Whan thou
 syttyst at the tabyll beware that thou taste not
 furst. Mar. He that syttyth in the hyghest sete/
 he holdyth the vppermost place. Sal. As the
 stronge the wepke wynneth/ he takyth all that
 he hath. Mar. The catte seeth wele whoos ber
 de she lycke shall. Salo: That he wycked ferpyth
 that fallpyth hym ofte. Mar: He that doth evyl

and hopyth good/ is disceyvyd in thaim botge
Sal. For the colde the slouthfull wolde not go to
plough/ be heggyd his brede: and no man wolde
hym peve Mar. A nakyd ars no man kan rob/
be or dispoyle Salo. Studie makyth a maystre
welewpilled Mar. Thandys that are vsyd in
the fyze/ fere not the ketyll/ Sal. Brawlers and
jangers are to be kaste out of alle good cōpanye
Mar. An angry howsewyf/ the smoke/ the ratte
and a broken plater/ are often tymes vnproffy-
table in an howse Sal. For goddys love men
are bounden to love othre/ Mar. If thou love
hym that lopyth not the thou leysth thyn loue
Salo. Saye not to thy frende come to morowe
I shal pevethe/ that thou maisteforthwyth peve
hym Mar. He sayth an othre tyme he shall
doo it/ that hath noth wherwyth redy for to do
it with alle Sal. He that is wyne. dronke: hol-
dyth nothing that he sayth Marcolph. An
opyn arse hath no lord Salo/ Many coveyte to
have rychesse that with povertye are holde vn-
dye Marcol. Ete that ye haue/ and se what shall
remaigne Salomō There are many that suf-
terne hungry: and yet fede they theyre wyves
Mar. The pore had ne breed: ad yet he bought
an hownde/ Sal. The sole answeryth afty2 hys
folissynes/ for that he shulde not be knowyn wy-
se/ Mar. what the stone heryth/ that shall te oke
answer: Sal. wrathe hath no mercy / & trefore

he that angrely spekyth/beryth evyle or shrewdly/
Mar. Saye not in thyn angre to thy frende
no evyl/lest thou forthynke it a streward? Sal.
The mouthe of an ennemye kan saye no good.
ne hys lypys shall sownde no trouthe: Mar. he
that loryth me not/doth not diffame me/Salo.
Slepe as ye have nede/ Ma/ He that leyth hym
downe to slepe & kan not/is not at hys hertys ease/
Sal We have well fyllydoure bellys lete vs
thanke god/ Mar/ As the owfell whysstelyth so
answeryth the thrush the hungry and the fulle
syngge not oon songe/Sal. Lete vs etc ad drinke
we shall alle deye Marc. The hungry dyeth
aswele as the full fedd: As a man playeth vpon
an harpe he kan not wele idicte Mar. So whā
the hownde shytyth he berkyth noth/Sal: The
wretchyd wombe is full go we now to bedde.
Marcol. He turnyth and walowyth.& slepyth
evyl that hath not for to ete. Salo. Dyspyse thou
not a lypyl yfte that is yeven the of a trewe frē
de Mar. That a Geldy man hath that yevyth
he to his neigborwes/Salo/Go thou not wyth
the evyll man or the brawelyng/lest thou suffre
evyll for hym or perple Marcolph? Adede bee
makyth no hony/Salo. If thou make frēdeship
with a false and evylwylled man. it shal hyndre
the more than proffyte: Marcolphus:
What the wolf doth/that pleasyth the wolffesse
Salomon: He that answeryth afore

he is demaundyð shewyth hym self a fole: Mar
Whan a man treythy drawelto poure fete
Sal' Evry thing chesyth his lyke: Mar/ Where
a skabbyd horse is/ he seketh his lyke and eyther
of thaym gnappyth othre Salo. A meycyfull
mā doth wele to his sowle/ Mar: He dyspyseth
a great yste that knowyth not hym self/ Sal'
Be that skapyth te wolf/ metyth the lyon/ Mar
colfus From evyll into worse/ as the Looke to
a bakere: Sal' Ware that no man do the non
evyll/ if he do/ do it not ayen Mar/ The styll stā-
dyng watyr/ & the man that spekyth but lytyl/
beleve thaym not Salo. We may not alle be ly-
ke Mar/ It standeth wrpten in a boke/ he that
hath no horse muste go on fote. Salo. A Chylde
of an hundred yere is cursyd Mar. It is to late
an olde hounde in a bande to lede. Sal. Be that
hath shalbe yeven/ & shall flowe. Mar. Woo to
that man that hath frendes & no breed/ Salom/
whoo to that man that hath a dowble herte/ ad
inbothe weyes wyll wādre. Mar Be that wol
two weyes go muste eythre his ars or his bre-
che teze/ Salom/ Of habundaunce of therte the
mouth spekyth/ Mar. Out of a full wōbe thars
trompyth/ Salo/ Two opē in one pocke drawē
lyke: Mar. Two veynes go lyke to oon ars.
Sal. A fayre woman is to beloved of hire hus-
bande/ Mar/ In the necke is she whyte as a do-
pe. and in the ars blacke and derke lyke a molle.

Salo: Out of the generaciō of inda is my moost
 kyndrede/ in the lord of my fadze hath made go-
 uernoure ovy2 his people: **Mar.** I knowe wele
 a tabylcloth: and of what werke it is made! **Salomō**
 Rede makyth a right wyse mā to do evyll
Mar. Therwolf that is takyn ad set fast/ eythze
 he byteth oz shytyth/ **Sal.** Were it so that god al-
 le the world vndre my power had set/ it shulde
 suffyse me/ **Marc.** Men kan not yeve the katte
 somoche/ but that she woll hy2 tayle wagge.
Sal. He that late comyth to dyner/ his parte is
 leest in the mete **Mar.** The glouton kan not se
 oz renne alabout/ **Salo.** Though it be so that
 thy wif be sowze fere hir not/ **Mr** The shephde
 that wakyth well: ther shall the wolf no wolfe
 shyte: **Sal/** It becoth no foles to speke oz to bryn-
 ge forth any wyse reason. **Mar.** It becomyth
 not a dogge to bere a sadyll/ **Salo/** whyles the
 children are lytill: reighte theyze lymmes: & ma-
 ners/ **Marc:** He that kyssyth the lambe/ lovyth
 the shepe: **Salo.** Alle repght pathys goō towar-
 des oon weye: **Marc/** So done alle the veynes
 renne towarde the ars: **Salo.** Of a good man
 comth a good wyf: **Marcolf** Of a good mele co-
 myth a great torde that men wyth theyze fere
 trede So muste mē also/ alle the bestyall wyues
 trede vndre fote/ **Salo:** A fayre wyf becomyth
 well by hir husbād/ **Marc.** A pot full wyth wy-
 ne becomth well by the thursty/ **Salo.** wel beco

myth a fapre sworde by my syde. Mar/Wel be-
comth my hegge a great hepe of stonys Sal.
The gretter that ye be the more meke shulde ye.
be in alle thyngys/ Mar/he rydyth well that ri-
dyth wyth his felawes/ Sal The wyse chylde
gladyth the fadyr: & the folyssh childe is a sozwe
to the moodyr/ Mar. They synge not al oon soge
the gladyr & the sozpyr: Salo. he that so wyth wyth
skaerfye/ reppth skaerfye: Mar. The more it fry-
seth the more it hyndeth: Sal. do alle thynges by
couñsell & thou shalt not aſtre forthynke it/ Mar/
he is seke y nough that the sekenesse drawyth oz
folowyth: Sal. Alle thynges have theyre seasons
& tyme: Mar. Now daye to morowe daye. sayde
the ope: that the hare chacyd. Sa. I am wery of
spekyng: lete vs therefore reste Mar: Therefore
shall not y leue my clapping: Sa: i may no more
Mar/ yf ye maye no more yelde youre self ovyr
comē: & yeue me that ye have promysed Wyth
that spake to marcolf Hananyas the sone of jo-
iade: and zabus the kinges frende: and adonias
the sone of abde whiche hadden the charge and
gouernañce ovyr the kynges tribute/ and sayde:
Thou shalt not herefore be the thyrdde in the ki-
gedome of oure soueraigne lord Alē shall rather
put bothe thyn woost pen out of thy moost wyle
hede: for it becomyth the bettyr to lye amonge
berys: than to be exalced to any dignyte oz ho-
nour/ Than marcolphus sayde wherfor hath

the king than promysed? Than sayde the kinges
vij. prouostes/ that is to wyte Neuthur Bena-
dachar Benesya Bena Benanides Bantthabar
Athurady Bomminia Josephus Seimes ad Sa-
mer/ Wherto comth this fole oure soveraign lor
de althys to trouble and mocke Why dryue ye
hym not out wyth stavyes of his fyghte Tho say
de salomon/ not so but yeeve hym wele to ete and
drinke/ and lete hym than goo in pease To spak
marcolphus gopyng his weye to the king/ I suf-
fre y nough what that ye haue sayde I shall al-
weyes saye There is no kypg were no lawe is

Onys vpon a tyme the king rode an huntynge
wyth his huntierys and howndes/ and fortunye
d hym to come by the house of marcolf: And
turnyd hym self thidrewardes wyth his horse
and demaunded wyth his hede inclyned vndre
the dorre bo we. who was wythyn. Marcolf as-
weryd to the king: wythin is an hool man & an
half. & an horse hede/ & the more that they ascen-
de the more they downe falle To that spak salo-
mon what menyest thou therwithall/ Tho aswe-
ryd marcolphus The hool man is my self syt-
tyng wythin/ ye are the half man syttyng wy-
thoute vpon youre horse lokyng in wyth you-
re hede declyned. And the horse hede is the
hede of youre horse that ye sytte on: Than Salo-
mon demaunded of Marcolphus what they

were that clymē vp and fallyn downe. **Mar**
col: Answeryd & sayde: they are the benys boyl
lyn in the pott **Salom**/ where is thy fadyr: thy
modyr/ thy Sustyr/ and thy brothyr/ **Mar**/ My
fadyr is in the felde and makyth of oon harme
two My modyr is goon and dooth to hir neigh
bor we that she nevyr more shall do/ my brothyr
lytting wythoute the house slepyth alle that he
fynndeth My sustyr lyttyth in hire. **Chambre** &
bewepyth that a fore tyme she laughyd. **Salom**
What betokenth they **Mar**: My fadyr is i the
felde and putteth oz setteth thornys in a foot
path/ & comyng men they make an othre path
therby/ & so he makyth of oon harme two My
modyr is goon and closyth the res of hir neygh
bor we deying/ the whiche she shall nevyr more
do My brothyr lytting wythoute the house i the
sonne & lowlyth & alle that he fyndeth he slepyth
My sustyr/ the laste yere lovyd a yonge man ad
wyth kyssyng/ laughyng/ tasyng: japyng & play
ing: she was getyn wyth chylde: whereof she
now travayllyth/ and that now she bewepyth
fore: **Salomon** How comyth to the alle this
wysdome & subtyltye/ **Marcolfus** In the tyme
of king dauid your fadyr there was a yongema
his phificia. & as he onys had takyn a vulture
for to occuppe in his medycine/ and had takyn
therof that was to hym eppedyet So toke you
re modyr **Barsebea** the hette & leyde it vpon a

cruste of breed; and rostyd; it vpon the fayre/ād
 yave you the herte to ete/ and I thāne beyng in
 the kechil/ she kast at my hede the cruste througħ
 moysted wyth therte of the vulture: & that ete j
 and therof I suppose is comē to me my subtiltie
 lyke as to you is comen by etyng of therte wyse
 dom. Salomō As verely god helpe the. in gabaa
 god appietyd; to me & fulfyllēd; me wyth sapiē
 ce: Marcolph^o He is holdyn wyse that reputyth
 hym self a fole: Sa. Hastē thou not herde what
 rycheffe god hath gevyn me aboven that wyse
 dome Mar. I have herde it And i knowe well
 that whēre god woll/ there reynyth it. To that
 sayd salomō all laughyngly/ my folkys wayte v
 pon me withoute i may no leugyr wyth the tal
 ke/ but saye to thy modyr that she sende me of his
 beste cowe a pot full of mylke/ and that the pot
 of the same cowe be coveryd. & bringe thou it to
 me: Marcolph^o It shalbe done. King salomon
 wyth his companye rydyng to wardys ierusalē
 was honourably receyvvd; as a riche and moost
 puyssāt king. And whan floscemy a marcolph^o
 modyr was comyn home to hir house/ he dede
 to hir the kiges message Thā she takig a pot full
 wyth mylke of hir cowe/ and coveryd; it wyth
 a flawne of the same mylke made. and sent it so
 forth to the king by hir sone/ as marcolph^o went
 ovyr the felde the wethir was warme of the sō
 ne sawe lying there a drye bakyn cowe torde: &

for haste he vnnethe cowde set downe the pot
to the erthe but that he had etyn the flawne/ ād
toke vp the cowe torde. and ther wyth coveyrd
the pot: And so coveyrd presentyd it before the
king. and he askyd why is the pot thus coveyrd.
Marcolph My lord have not ye cōmaunded that
the milke shulde becoveyrd of the same cowe/ Sa
lo. I cōmaunded not so to be done: Mar. Thus
I vnderstode/ Sal. It had ben bettʒ coveyrd
wyth a flawne made wyth the mylke of the sa
me Cowe. Mar. So was it furste done/ but hū
gyr chamigyrd wyt/ Sal. How: Marc. I wyste
wele that ye had no nede of mete/ and I havyn
g great hūgyr ete the flawne wyth mylke anyon
ted/ and for that wyth wyt chunгыrd/ the pot I
have thus coveyrd wyth a cowe torde. Sal/ now
leve we all this. and yf that thou thys nyght wa
ke not aswele as I: thou mayste have no truste
to morne of thy hede. Salomō & marcolph con
sentyd bothe. & wythin a lytyll whyle aftʒ mar
colph began to rowte/ Salo. sayde/ marcolph thou
slepyst: Marcolph answeryd. Lord I do not I
thinke/ Salomon/ what thinkyst thou/ Marcolph
I thinke that there are as many joyntys in the
tayle of an hare/ as i hire chyne: Salomō if thou
pve not that to morne thou arte worthy to deye
Salomon beyng styll/ began marcolph to slepe:
ayen and sayde to hym/ thou slepyst And he ans
weryd I do not/ for I thynke/ Salomon what

thynkest thou/ Marcolphus/ I thynke that the
pye hath as many whyte fethrys as blacke. Sa
lomo But thou also prove that trewe thou shalt
lese thyn hede/ As salomon aye began to be styl
le Marcolph began aye te rowte and to blowe
And Salomo sayd to hym thou sleppst/ Marcol
phus Nay I thinke/ Salomon/ What thinkest
thou/ Marcolph I thinke that vndre therhe
is no clerer thing than the daye Salom Is the
daye clerer than nyght/ Marcolph Ye/ Salomo
That muste thou prove. Anone herupon began
marcolphus to slepe. Salo. Thou sleppst/ Mar/
I slepe not but I muse/ Salomon What musyst
thou. Marcolph I muse how that men may not
surely trnstie the women. Salomon/ And that
of the shalve provyd/ Anon aftr as Salomon
was styll began marcolf aye to blowe and to
slepe. Salomo Thou sleppst/ Marcolph I do not
but I thinke/ Salomo What thinkest thou. Mar
coph I thinke how that nature goth afore ler
nyng: Salomon: If thou prove not that trewe
thou shalt lese thyn hede/ Aftyr that the nyght
was ovyr passyd. and salomon wery of waking
put hym self to reeste Than marcolf leste the king
and ran hastely to hys sustyr Ifudasa: and say
ned hym self forwefull. and hevy. and sayde to
hyre: The king Salomon is ayenst me/ and
I may not bere hys threptys and iniuries: and

but I shall take this knyfe / & hyde it secretly vnder my clothes / and there wyth this dawe all pryncely he not knowyng I shall synpte hym to the te and sle hym: now good? dere sustyr I praye the accuse me not but in any wyse kepe it secrete ne shewe it not to myn owne brothyr Bufrydo / Judasa answeryd my dere and levest brothyr Marcolf put no doubtes therin I had lepyr dye and be brent at a stake rather / than I shulde discovre it or accuse the / Aftyr that retournyd marcolf all pryncely to wardys the kynges Courte The sone rysyng & spredyng hyr beamys ovyr thether the illumined? & fulfyllyd the kyngs palayce: and salamon rysyng from his bed / wente and sat in the trone or sete of his palayce Than commaunded? he to bringe a fore hym an hare. and as many joyntes in his tayle as in hys chyne were forwonden by marcolph and nombredys ¶ Thanne was there a pye brought before the king / and as many whyte fet hys as black were forwonden by marcolph And thane toke marcolph a great panne wyth inylke and set it in the kynges bed chambre all pryncely. and closyd to alle the wyndowes that no lyght myght in come Thanne kallyd he the king into the chambre / And as he come in he stumblyd at the panne & was nygh fallyn therin Tho was the king angry and displeasyd / & sayd thou fowle evyl boyd / what is it that thou doost Marcolph? aswe

ryd; ye ought not herefore to be angry. For ha-
 ue ye not sayd/ that milke is clerer than the daye
 How is it that ye se not asweie by the clerenesse
 of the mylke as ye do bi the clerenesse of the daye
 iuge egaly and ye shall fynde that I haue no
 thyng mysdone vnto you Salomon/ God forye-
 ue the. my clothys be all wyth mylke sprongyn
 And nygh I had my necke brokyn/ and yet thou
 haste me nothing trespassyd; Marcolphus aswe-
 ryd; a othre tyme se bettyr to fore youlneyrhte-
 lesse fyttedowne and do me iustyce vpon a ma-
 ter that I shall shewe afoze you: Whan he was
 set Marcolph complayned; and shewyd; Lord I
 haue a sustyr that hath to name Judasa and she
 hath yeuene hyrself to horedam and is wyth chil-
 de wherwyth she shamyth and dishonestydalle
 oure bloode and lynage; and yet wolde she par-
 te wyth me in my fathres good and herpytage
 Thanne sayde Salomon/ Iete hyr come a fore
 vs: And we shall here hyr what she woll saye
 herto. As Salomon sawe hyr come from ferre
 sayde all laughyngly/ Thys may wele be Mar-
 colphus sustyr This Judasa was short ad thyr-
 ke/ and therto was she great wyth chylde/ and
 thus was she thyrcker thā she was of lengthe
 She had thyrcke leggyes and short. and went on
 bote lame/ wyth vpsage/ yen and stature lykke
 to Marcolph. Salomon sayde to Marcolph/

What complaynest or askyst thou of thy sustyr.
Marcolph answeryd. My lord I complayne ad
shewe oppnylly afore you of my sustyr/that she is
a stronge harlot and a strumpet/ad is wyth chyl
de.as ye may se.and alle oure blood and kynrede
by hyr is shamyd. that wythstandyng she wol
de dele and parte wyth me in my fathres good
and herytage Wherefore I requyre you of iusty
ce.and that ye commaunde hire that she take no
partene ne make no clayme therto. This heryng
Judasa replete wyth angre.and woednesse cry
ed on hygh and sayde: Thou foule mysshapyn
harlot/wherefore shulde not I have my parte in
oure fadres good and herytage.and is noi. If los
cempa moder to vs bote: Marcolph Thou shalt
not have any dele or parte therin. For thin offese
ingeth the clerely therfro. Judasa Therfore I
may not lese myn herytage. For have I mysdone
I shall amende it/ but oon thyng I promyse the/
and swere by god and all hys myght. yf thou
wylt not lete me be in pease.and suffre me to ha
ue my parthe in the land. I shall shewe suche a
thyng of the.that the king or if he nyght shall
do the to behangyd: Marcolphus/ Thou foule
stynkyng hore.what kanst thou save of me I ha
ue no man mysdone/save thy worstie I dyffye
the/thou haste moche mysdone thou foule facy
d knave and rybaulde that thou art. For thou
gladly woldyst sle the king/ and yf ye beleve not

me seke vnder his cote & ye shall fynde the knyf
Tho was the knyf sought by the kinges seruau
tyes and it was not founde/ Sayde marcolph to
the king and to the aboutestanders. And haue I
not sayde trouthe: that men shulde not put ovyr
moche truste or cōfidence in the womē. wyth that
they alle begā to laughē Tho sayd salomō. Mar
colph Thou doost alle thy thynges by craft and
subtlyte/ Marcolph answered/ Lord it is no sub
tlyte. but that my sustyr had promysed/ me to
haue kept it secrete/ & she hath falsely discoverd/
it as though it had ben of a trouthe. Salomon/
wherefore haste thou sayd that arte or nature.
goth before lernyng/ Marcolph Take pacience
a lytyll/ and afoze or ye go to bedde I shal shewe
you The daye passyd/ ovyr and the tyme of sou
per cam on. The king sat to sowper and othre.
Wyth whom sat marcolph. and had alle prync
ly put into hys sleve thre quyk myse There was
noysshyd/ in the kinges house a Catte that eue
ry nyght as the king sat at sowper: was wont
to holde betwixt hyre fore feet a brennyng kā
dell vpon the tabyll. Thanne lete marcolph oon
of the myse go out of hys sleve. As the catte that
saugh/ she wolde haue leapt aftyr: but the king pa
uc hyr a wynde or countenaunce/ that she bode
styll sytting and remoyd not. and in lyke wy
se dede she of the secunde mowse/ Thanne lete
marcolph the thrydde mowse go: and as the kat

te sawe he cowde no lenger abyde. but kaste the
kādell awaye and lept afty^r the mo^use and to
ke it/ And as marcolph that sawe: sayde to the
king/ Here I have now pro^upyd befoze you that
nature goth afoze lernyng: Tho commaunded
Salomon his seruauntes. haue thys man out of
my syghte: and if he come hythze any moze / set
my howndes vpon hym. Marcolph⁹: now for
certayne I knowe and may saye that where as
the hede is seke and evyll at ease/ there is no lawe
As marcolph was thys out dryven: he seyde to
hym self / neythze so noz so shall the wyse Salo
mon of marcolf be quyte. on the next moznyng
folowyn^g as he was out of his couche o^r kenel
rysen/ he bethoughte hym in his mynde how he
myght beste gete hym a^yen into the kinges cour
te wythout hurte o^r devouryn^g o^f the howndes
he wēt & bought a quyk hare/ & put it vndze his
clothys & yede a^yen to the courte And whan the
kinges seruauntes had syghte of hym/ they set v
pon hym alle the howndes & forthwyth he caste
the hare from hym: and the howndes a^ftre. & lef
te marcolph. and thus came he a^yen be the king
And as he sawe hym he askyd^r who had letyn
hym in/ Marcolph a^sweryd wyth great sutylytie
am i in comē. Sal^r Be ware that thys dave thou
spytte not but vpon the bare grownde/ The pa
layce was all coveryd wyth tapettys. & the wal
les hāgpd wyth riche clothys. Marcof wythin

short space after/ wyth his talkyng & clateryng
wyth othre his mouth was full of spyttyll began
to cough and reche vp/ beholdyng alaboute hym
where he myght best spytte & cowd fynde no ba-
re erthe: sawe a ballyd man stondyng by the kig
barehedyd/ and spatpld/ evyn vpon his forehe-
de. The ballyd man was ther wyth/ ashamyd/
made cleue his forehede: and fyll on kneyes befo-
re the kingys fete/ and made a complaynt vpon
marcolph. Salomō Wherefore haste thou ma-
de fowle the forehede of this man. Mar. I have
not made it fowle but i have dungyd it / or made
it fat. for on a barepne grownde. it behovyth dū-
ge to be layde. that the corne that is therō sowyn
may the bettyr growe and multiplie. Salomon
What is that to this man. Mar. My lord have
ye not forbedyn me / that this daye I shulde not
spytte but vpon the bare erthe/ & I sawe his fo-
rehede all bare of herys: and thynkyng it be ba-
re erthe. and therefore I spyttyd vpon it/ The
king shall not be angry for this thing/ for i have
done it for the manys proffyte/ for and if his fo-
rehede were thus vsyd/ to be made fat the herys
shulde apen encrease & multiplie. Salo. God pe-
ue the shame/ for the ballyd men aught to be abo-
uē othre men in honure. for balydnesse is no sha-
me but a begynnynge of worshipping. Marcolphus/
Balydnesse is a flyes nest Beholde i not syre how
the flyes folowe more his forehede/ thā alle the

othre that ben wythin thys house. for why they
trowē that it be a vessell turnyng full wyth som
good drinke oz ellys to be a stone anoynted wyth
any swete thyng. and therfore they haste thaim
to his bare soreshede To this sayd the bailyd mā
afore the kig: Wherto is this moost vyle rybaul
de sufferyd in the kinges presence vs to rebuke
and shame. lete hym be kast out. Mareolph/ and
be it please in thy vertu/ and i shalbe styll. here
wythall come yn two women bryngyng wyth
thaim a lyving chylde/ for the wyche they afore
the king began to stryve: For the oon sayde it be/
lōgpd to hyre / but the oð of thaim had forlayne
hyre chylde slepyng So that they were in stryve
for the levyng chylde/ Salomō sayd to oon of his
servauntis: take a sworde & departe thys chylde
in two pecys: and yeve eyther of thaim the oon
half/ That heryng the naturall bodyr of the ly
vyng chylde: sayde to the king Lord i besече you
jeve it to that woman all hool lyvyng/ for she his
the verraye modyr therof. Than sayde Salomō
that she was the modyr of the chylde and yave
it to hire/ Mareolph demaūded of the king how
he the modyr knewe. Salomon By chaungyng
of hir colure and affection/ and by effusyō of te
rys/ Mareolphus ye myghte so bediscepyved/
for beleue ye the wepyng of the womē/ and are
so wyse and knowe the crafte of thaim no bet
tyr/ whyllys a woman wepyth she laughyth

wyth therre/ They kan wepe wyth oon yie /ād
lawgh wyth the othyr. They make contenaunce
wyth the vsage that they thinke not They spe
ke wyth the tūge that they mene not wyth ther
re They promyse many tymes that they parfor
me not/bnt they chaunge theyre contenaunces
as theyre myndes renne/ The women have in
numerable craftes/ Salomon As many craftes
as they have/ so many good condicions and pro
pyrties they haue/ Marcolph⁹ Saye not good
condicions or propyrties. but saye shrewdnes
sps and decepcons. Salomon Surely she was
an hore that bare suche a sone. Marcolph Whe
refoze saye ye so. Salomon For thou blamyest al
le women/ and they are honest/ chaste /meke/ lo
vyng and curtayse/ Marcolf To that myght ye
adde & saye that they are bzotyll and mutable.
Salomō If they be bzotyll: that have they of ma
nys condicyō /yf they be chaungeable that have
they by delectacioū. Womā is though made of
mānys rybbe/ and yeven vnto hym for his helpe
and comfort For womā is as moche to saye as
a weyke erthe or a weyke thyng / Mar: in like
wyse it is as moche to saye as a softe erroute/
Sal Therelvest thou false kaytyf Thou muste
nedys be evyll and onhappy .that sayst so moche
shame and harne of women For of womē we
are alle comen /and therfoze he that seyth evyll
of the kynde of women/ is greatly to be blamyd

for what is rycheſſe/ wat is kingdomes/ what
is poſſeſſide/ what is goold what is ſylver what
is coſtely clothynge or p̄ciouſe ſtonys/ what is coſ
tely metys or drinkes. what is good cōpanye or
ſolace/ what is myȝthe whitoute women On
trouthe they may kalle wele the world deed that
from women are epiled or hanyſſhed? If or wo
men muſte bere the chyldre they fede & noȝyſſhe
thaym vp/ and love thaym well She deſpyrth
thayre helthys She gouernyth the houſehold.
She ſorwyth the helthe of hyȝ husband & houſe
hold. women is the dilectacō of alle thynges: ſhe
is the ſwetneſſe of youthe She is the ſolace of
ioye of age. She is gladneſſe of childe: She is
ioye of the dawe She is ſolace of the nyght She
is the gladynd of labour. of alle hevyneſſes. ſhe
is the forgeter She ſeruyth whitthoute grute
hyng And ſhe ſhall wathe my goyng out/ and
my incommyng. Ther vpon anſwerd marcol
phus. he ſeyth trouthe. that thinkyth wyth his
herte. as he ſpeketh wyth his mowth. ye haue
the women in great favoure/ & therfore ye pray
ſe thaym. Rycheſſe/ nobylneſſe/ fayzenneſſe & wy
ſedom be in you. and therfore it behovyth you
to love women. but y assure you one thyng a be
it that ye now prayſe thaym ovȝr moche/ or ye
ſlepe ye ſhal dyſprayſe thaym as faſte. Salomō
Therof thou ſhalt lye/ for alle my lyve dayes I
have loryd women & ſhall durynge my lyf. But

now go frō me/ & se wele to. that befoze me thou
nevyz speke evyll of women Than marcolphus
gopng out of the kynges palayce. kallyd to hym
the womā that had hir childe to hyre peven a yē
by the king and sayd to hyre knowyst thou not
what is done & concluded in the kingys counsell
to daye. She answeryd / my chylde is pevy n me
ayē a lyve/ what ellys there is done. that knowe
not I. Tho sayd marcoph the king hath comaū
ded & is vityzly deīnyed that to morwe thou
and thy felawe shall come ayen afoze hym: and
that thou shalt have the one half of thy chylde/ &
thy felawe the othre half Tha sayde the womā
O what evyll king/ & what false & vntrewe sen
tēce pevyth he. Marcoph sayde yet shall i she we
the grettyr matiers & moze chargeable & of gret
tyr weyghte The kīg & his counseyle hath ordey
ned that evyr man shall have vij. wyves therfor
remembze & thinke what therin is best to be do
ne. for as one man hath vij. wyves/ so shall ther
nevyz more be reste or pease in thouse/ one shal
be belovyd/ an othre shall displease hym/ for hir
that he lovpyth shalbe moost wyth hym: and the
othre nevyz or seldom She shalbe wele clothyd
& the othre shalbe forgetyn: hyz that he lovpyth
best shall have ryngys jowellys goold sylvyr fur
res & were fylkys She shal kepe tije keyes of al
le the house She shalbe honouryd of alle the ser
vauntys and be kallyd mastres Alle his goodes

shall falle to hire: what shall thou saye the othre
vj. And yf he love twayne: what shall the othre
v. saye/ & yf he love thre what shall saye the othre
iiij. & yf he love iiij: what shall the othre iij. do &c.
That he lovyth best he shall alwayes have by
hym & kyffe hire and halse hyre The othyr shall
mowe saye that they are neythre wydowes nor
weddyd/ nor yit yn weddyd. nor wythoute hus-
bande They shal mowe well forthynke that
they have theyre maynde hede losse There shall
evyr stryff angre envye and brawelyng reigne &
if there be not forwode a remedy herefore many
great inconvenyencys shall growe there of And
by cause that thou arte a woman/ and well ac-
queynted wyth the condicyons of womē: haste
the and shewe thys to alle the ladyes and womē
wythin this citie/ and advyse thaym/ that they s-
fente not to it in any wyse. but wythstande it/ and
saye ayenst the king and his counseyll/ Marcolf
retourned/ and went ayen to the courte & pryvely
hyd hym in a corner And the womā trowyd his
wordys to be trewe. rāne trough the citie & clap-
pyd hire handys to gydre and cryed wyth oppn
mowthe & shewyd all that she had herd/ and mo-
re And eche neyghbor we or goffyp saide it forth
to an othre/ So that in shourt tyme there was a
great assemble or gaderyng of women wel nigh
that alle the women that weren wythin the

Titie. and se gadred/ went to the kynges palayse
well by the nombze of. vii. M. women/ and brak
vp dorys and ovyz wēt the kyng and his coun-
sell wyth great malyce and lowde crying: The
king as he this herde/ appd what the canse was
of thayze gaderyng/ To that oon woman that
wyser and more eloquent than the othze: sayde
vnto the king. Moost myghty prynce to whom
gould/ sylver/ precious stones and alle rycheffe of
the world tho you are brought/ ye do alle thyng
as ye woll. and non ayensayth youre pleasure:
ye have a Quene and many Quenys. and ovyz
that ye have cōcubynes oz paramours wythou-
te nombze oz as asmany as you pleasith/ for ye
have all that ye wol: So may not every man do/
Salomon answerd/ God hath anoynted/ and
made me king in jstace: may I not than do and
accomplish all my wylle Do youre wylle wyth
your owne. and medle not wyth vs. we are of
the noble blood of Abraham and holde moyse
lawe/ Wherfor woll ye thave that chaunge and
altre: ye are bounden to do right and iustyce.
wherefore do ye vnryght/ Tho sayde Salomō
wyth great unpacpence. Thou sham full wyf
what vnryght oz wronge do y She asweryd: as
great vnryght do ye as kā be thought oz ymagi-
ned ffor ye haue ordeyned that every mā shal ha-
ue moze lawefully vii. wyues/ & certaynly that
shall not be: ffor there is not that prynce/ duke/

oz erle/that so riche and puyssaunt is/but that oō
womā alone shall now fullfille. alle his desyres
and wylle. what thanne shulde he do wyth. vij
wyves: it is abouen any manny's myght or po-
wer: It were bettyr ordeyned that oon womā
shulde have vij. husbondes Than sayd Salomō
all laughyngly I had not trowed that of men
had ben fewer in nombre than of women Tho
kryped alle the women as mad people wyth ou-
te any reasou/ ye are an evyle king & poure senten-
ces ben false and vnrightfull Now may we wel
here & se that it is trouthe that we have herd of
you: and that ye have of vs sayde evyll: and ther-
to ye skorne & mocke vs before oure ysfages
that we se it O lord god who was so evyle as sau-
le that regnyd ovyr vs furste yet davyd was
worse/ and now this Salomō werst of alle than
the king beyng full of wrathe sayde There is no
hede more worse than the serpent/ and there is
no malyce to the malyce of a woman: for it we-
re bettyr to dwelle wyth serpentys and lyās/ thā
wyth a wyckyd woman Alle evyll are but lytyl
tho the cursydnesse: of a shrewd woman Alle
wyckydnesse falle vpon women/ as the sande
fallyth in the shoes of the oolde people goyng vp
an hylle So a talkatyf woman and dishobedyet
is a great confusyon That wyf that is hlt hus-
bondes maister is evyr cōtrarye to hym An evyl
wyf makyth a pacient herte. and a soyr ysfage

& it as plage of the deth A woman was the be-
gynnyng of synne/and throug hire we dye alle
The woman that is luxuriose may men kno-
wen in the vppermost of hire yes. and by hir bro-
wes For hire yes are wythoute revyrece & ther
nede nomā wondre although she forgete hir hus-
bonde As the king althus had sayd. so spak na-
than the prophete and sayde My lord why rebu-
ke ye & shanie ye thus alle thies women of iheru-
sale. Salomō have ye not herd what dishonoure
they have sayd of me wythoute deseruyng/ Na-
than answerd he that woll wyth hys subget-
tyes lyve in reste & pease/he muste som tyme be
blynde dūme. & deaf. Salomō. it is to be answered
to a fole after his folysshnes. Tho sprāge Mar-
colph out of the corner that he sat in/ and sayde to
the king/now have ye spokyn after myn intent.
for ones thys daye ye praysed womē out of alle
mesure/and now have ye dyspraysed thaym as
moche. that is it that I sought: alwayes ye ma-
ke my saying trewe: Salo. Thou fowle evyle bo-
dy/knowyst thou of this comocion: Marcolph/
nay. neverthelesse ye shulde not geve credence to
alle thing that ye here Tho sayd the king salomō
go from hens out of my syghte: & I charge the
that i se the nomere betwixt the yes/forth with
was marcolph kast out of the kinges palayse/
Thā thcy that stode by the king sayde: my lord
speke to thiese womē sumwhat that may please

thaym to here. to thentēt that they may departe
Than turnyd the king to wardes thaym & sayd
poure goodnesse shal vndrestande. that I am not
to be blamyd in that: that ye laye to my charge/
That evyl sayer marcolf/ that ye here late sawe.
hath out of hym self alle this matier surmysed &
fayned: ad every man shall have hys owne wyf
& hyr wyth faythe & honestie love and cherysshe
That I have spokyn ayenst the wyves I have
not sayde it but ayenst the froward wyves who
shulde of the good wyves speke any evyll ff or a
good wyf makyth hyr husbände glad ad blythe
wyth hyre goodnesse She is a parte the lpyng
of hyre husbond vpon erthe. and hyr lernyng ad
vauntagyth or forthryth hys body She is a pī
te of god/ A wyse wyf and a styll is a grace abo
uen graces/ A good shame fast and an honeste
wyf is lyke the sonne clymmyng vp to god. A
wyf of good condycon is the ornamēt or ap
parayle of the house She is a lyght shynyng
bryghther/ than the lyght of cādellys: She is ly
ke the goolden pyller standyng vpon hir feet and
an ovyr faste fūndament grōwedy vpon a sure
stone wythoute mutacions and the commande
mantys of god evyr in hyr mynde/ The hooly
god of Istrahele blesse you and multiplie your se
de and kyndrebede/ vnto the ende of the worlde
Tho sayde they alle/ amē: And toke leve of the

king and went theyre weyes: Marcoph beryng
in his mynde of the vnkynndnesse that the king
had: commanded hym that he shulde no more
se hym betwixt the yes. Thought in hym self.
what was best to do. It happenyd that the next
nyght folowynge fell a great snowe Marcolph
toke a lypell Lyve or Temse in his oon hande &
a foot of a bere in the othre hande: ad he turnyd
hys shoes that stode forwarde vpon his feet
bakward/ and vpon the moornyng erly he began
to go lyke a beste vpon alle foure feet through
the strete. and whan he was comen a lypell wyth
thouth the towne: he founde an olde ovyn / ad
crept into it. And as the lyght of the dape was
on comen. oon of the kings seruautys founde
the footstappys of marcolph/ and thought that it
was the trace or stappys of & mervelous beste
& in alle haste wet & shewyd it to the king Thā
ne incontynent wyth huntres and howndes he
wente to hunte and seke the sayd wondrefull
beeste and folowed it vnto they comen before
the oven where they had losse and founde no
more of the steppys. The king Salomon disce
ded from hys hors and began to loke into the
oven. Marcolpus laye all crokyd hys vyfage
from hym wardes. had put downe hys breche
into hys hamines that be myght se hys ars ho
le and alle hys othre fowle gere. As the kyng

Salomō that feryng demawnded what laye the-
 re Mar. answered; i am here: Sal' wherefore ly-
 est thou thus/ Marcolf. for ye haue comman-
 ded me that ye shulde nomore se me betwixt
 myn yes Now and ye woll not se me betwixt
 myn yes: ye may se me betwene my buttockys
 in the myddes of myn arsehole: Than was the
 king fore meovyd comaunded; his seruauyntys
 to take hym & hange hym vpon a tre/ Mar. So
 takyn. sayde to the kyng: My lord well it please
 you to geve me leue to chose the tre wherupon
 that i shall hāge Sal' sayde be it as thou haste de-
 spred;/ for it forcyth not on what tre that thou be
 hangyd/ Than the kinges seruantes to kē & led-
 dy n marcolph wythoute the cite/ & through the
 vale of iosaphath & ovyr the hyghte of the hylle
 of olyuete from thene to iericho & cowde fynde
 no tre that marcolf wolde chese to be hanged on
 From thene went they ovyr the flome iordane
 and alle arabye through And so forth all the gre-
 at wyldernesse vnto the rede see: And neryrmo-
 re cowde marcolph fynde a tre that he wolde che-
 se to hange on And thus he askappt out of the
 dawnger & handes of king salomō/ and turnyd
 apen vnto hys howse/ and lepyd in pease & ioye
 And so more we alle do aboven wyth the fadre
 of heven Amen

¶ Emptrentyd at ande werpe by
 me M. Gerard leen

DIALOGUE OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

DIALOGUE OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

Here begynneth the dyalogus or comynicacion betwixt Salomon the king of iherusalem, and Marcolphus that right rude and great of body was but right subtyll and wyse of wyt, and full of undrestandyng, as thereafter folowyng men shall here:

UPON a season hertofore as king salomon full of wisdom and riches: sate upon the kinges sete or stole that was his fadres davyd: sawe comyng a man out of theste that was named marcolphus, of vysage greatly myshapen and fowle, nevyrthelesse he was right talkatyf elloquend and wyse. His wif had he wyth hym whiche was more ferefull and rude to beholde. And as they were bothe comen before king Salomon, he beheldé thaym well. This marcolf was of short stature and thykke. The hede had he great: a brode forhede rede and full of wrinkelys or frouncys: his erys hery and to the myddys of chekys hangyng; great yes and rennyng; his nether lyppe

hangyng lyke an horse. A berde harde and fowle lyke unto a goet. The handes short and blockysssh. His fyngres great and thicke. Rownde feet; and the nose thicke and coked: a face lyke an asse: and the here of hys heed lyke the heer ef a goet; his shoes on his fete were ovyrmoche chorlysh and rude, and his clothys fowle and dyrty: a shorte kote to the buttockys, his hasyn hynges full of wrynkelys and alle his clothes were of the 26 moost fowle coloure. His wyf was of short stature and she was out of mesure thicke wyth great brestys: and the here of hyr hede clustred lyke thystelys. She had longe wynde browes lyke brostelys of a swyne. Longe erys lyke an asse. Renning yen: berdyd lyke a goet hyr vysage and skyn blacke and full of wrynkelys, and upon hyr great brestys she had, of span brode, a broche of leed. She had short fyngres, full of yren ryngys. She had right great nosethrylles. Hyr leggys short, and hery like a bere, hyr clothes were rough and broken, of suche a woman or of another lyke unto hyre, a yonge man hath made thies verses folowyng

Femina deformis tenebrarum subdita formis
Cum turpi facie transit absque die.
Est mala res multum turpi concedere cultum
Sed turpis nimirum turpe ferat viciū

That is to saye an evyll favouryd and a fowle blacke wyf behovyth to shewe the dayes lyght. It is to oure yes medycyne to se that fayre is and fyne. As kyng salomon thies two persones thus had seen, and beholden;

he demaunded of thaym of whens they weryn and of what lynage they were comyn. Marcolphus thereto answeyrd. Saye furste to us youre kynrede and genleagie, and of youre fadres, and than shall I shewe and declare yon of
3^a oures. Salomon. I am of the xii. kyndredes of patryarkes, that is to wete, that iudas gate phares, phares gat esron, Esron gat aron, Aron genderyd aminadab, Aminadab gat naazon, Naazon gat salmon, Salmon gat boos, Boos gat obeth, Obeth gat ysay, Ysay gat davyd king, David gat salomon the king, and that am I. Marcolfus answeyrd I am of the xii. kindred of Chorlys. Rusticus gat rustam, Rusta gat rustum, Rustus gat rusticellum, Rusticellus gat tarcum, Tarcus gat tarcol, Tarcol gat pharsi, Pharsi gat marcuel, Marcuel gat marquat, Marquat gat marcolphum and that is I. And my wyf is comen of the blood and. xii. kyndredes of untydy wyues. That is to knowe, of lupica tha[t] gat lupicana, Lupicana gat ludibrac, Ludibrac gat bonestrung, Bonestrung gat boledrut, Boledrut gat paldrut, Paldrut gat lordan, Lordan gat curta, Curta gat Curtula, Curtula gat Curtella, Curtella gat polica, Polica gat polycana, and thys is my wyf Polycana. Salomon sayde I haue herd of the that thou kanst right wele clatre and speke, and that thou art subtile of wyt although that thou be mysshapyn and chorlyssh. Lete us have betwene us altercad[i]on. I shal make questyons to the, and thou shalt therto answeere. Marcolphus answeyrd he that singyth worste begynne furste. Salo. If thou kanst answeere to alle my questyons I shall make the ryche, and

be named above alle othre withyn my reaume. Marcol. ^{3b}
The phisician promysyth the seeke folke helthe whan he
hath no power. Salo. I haue iuged betwixt two light
women whiche dwellyd in oon house and forlaye a chylde.
Mar. Were erys are there are causes, where women be
there are wordys. Salo. God gave wysdam in my
mouth, for me lyke is none in alle partys of the worlde.
Marcolfus. He that hath evyll neighborys praysyth him
self. Sal. The wykkyd man fleyth, no man folwyng.
Marcol. Whan the kydder rennyth, men may se his ars.
Salomon. A good wyf and a fayre is to hir husbonde a
pleasure. Mar. A potfull of mylke muste be kept wele
from the katte. Sal. A wyse woman byldeth an house,
and she that unwyse and a fool is, distroyeth with hir
handes that she fyndeth made. Marc. A pot that is
wele baken may best endure, and that clene is browyn
that may they fayre drinken. Salomon. A ferdéfull
woman shal be praysed. Marcolfus. A catte that hath
a good skyn shal be flayne. Salomon. A shamefast wyf
and a fayre is mekyll to be belovyd. Marcol. To pore
men whyte mete are to be kept. Salo. A woman stronge
in doying good who shall fynde. Mar. Who shal fynde
a catte trewe in kepyng mylke. Salo. Noon. Mar. And
a woman seldom. Salo. A fayre woman and an honest,
is to be praysed above alle rychesse that a man fynde
may. Marcol. A fat woman and a great is larger in ^{4a}
gevyng than othre. Salo. A whyt kerchyf becom[e]th
wele a womans hede. Mar. It standyth wryten, that the

furre is not all lyke the slevys, and undre a whyte cloth often are hyd mothys. Sal. He that sowyth wyckydnesse, shal repe' evyll. Mar. He that sowyth chaf shal porely mowe. Salo. Out of the mouth or a holy man shal come good lernyng and wysedom. Mar. The asse behovyth to be allweye where he fedyth for ther it growyth, where he etyth oon gres, there growe. xl. agen; where he dungyth, there it fattyth; where he pyssyth there makyth he wete; and where he wallowyth there brekyth he the strawe. Sal. Lete an othre preyse the. Mar. Yf I shulde myself dyspreyse, no man shall I please. Sal. Thou shalt ete moche ony. Mar. That beys dryve lykke faste theyre fynGRES. Sal. In an evyll wyllled herte the spyryt of wysedome shall not entre. Mar. As ye smyte wyth an axe in an hard tre, beware that the chippes falle not in youre ye. Sal. It is hard to spurne agenst the sharp prykyll. Mar. The ox that drawyth bacwarde shal be twyse prycked. Sal. Fede up youre children and from thayre youthe lerne thaym to do well. Mar. He that fedyth well is cove etyth often of the mylke. Salo. All maner kyndes turne agen to theyre furste nature. Mar. A worne
46 tabyll cloth turnyth agen to his furste kynde. Sal. What the iuge knowyth of right and trouthe that spekyth he out. Mar. A bisshop that spekyth not is made a porter of a gate. Salo. Honoure is to be geuen to the maistre, and the rodde to be feryd. Mar. He that is wonte to anointe the iuges handes oftyn tymes he makyth his asse lene. Sal. Agenst a strong and myghty man thou shalt not fyghte,

ne stryve agenst the streme. Marc. The vultier takyth the skyn of stronge fowles and makyth thaym naked of theyr fethres. Salo. Lete us amende us in good that unwythyngly we have mysdone. Mar. As a man wypyth his ars he doth nothing ellys. Sal. Wyl thou not disceyve any man wyth fayre words. Mar. By wyt he etyth that gretyth the ether. Salo. Wyth brawlyng people holde no companye. Marc. It is reson that he of the swyne ete that medlyth amonge te bren. Sal. There be many that kan have no shame. Mar. They lyve undre the men that are lyke to howndes. Sal. There are many that to theyr good doers do evyl for good. Marcolphus. He that gevyth bred to an othre manys hownde shall have no thanke. Salomon. It is no frende that dureyth not in frendeshyp. Mar. The dung of a calf stynkyth not longe. Sal. He sekyth many occasions that woll departe from his maister. Mar. A woman that woll not consente, seyth that she hath a skabbyd arse. Salomon. A kynges worde shulde be unchaungeable or stedfaste. Marcolfus. He is sone wery that plowyth wyth a wolf. 5a Salomon. The radissh rotys are good mete but they stynke in the Connsell. Mar. He that etyth Radyssh rotys coughyth above and undyr. Sal. It is lost that is spokyn afore people that undrestande not what they here. Mar. He lesyth his shafte that shetyth in the sande. Sal. He that stoppyth his erys from the crying of the pore people, oure lord god shall not here hym. Mar. He that wepyth afore a iuge lefyth his terys. Sal. Ryse up

thou northren wynde and come forth thou southren wynde
and blowe through my gardeyne and the wele smellyng
herbys shall growe and multiplie. Marc. Whann the
northren wyndes blowe than ben the high howses in great
trouble and daunger. Salo. The deth nor povertye wyll
not be hyd. Mar. A man that is brostyn and hyde it
they growe the more. Sal. As thou syttyst at a Riche-
mans table beholde diligently what comyth afore the.
Mar. Alle metys that is ordeyned for the body muste
through the bely, and it goth in the stomak. Salo.
Whan thou syttyst at the tabyll beware that thou taste
not furst. Mar. He that syttyth in the hyghest sete, he
holdyth the uppermost place. Sal. As the stronge the
weyke wynneth, he takyth all that he hath. Mar. The
catte seeth wele whoos berde she lycke shall. Salo. That
[t]he wycked feryth that fallyth hym often. Mar. He
5b that doth evyll and hopyth good, is disceyvvyd in thaym bothe.
Sal. For the colde the slouthfull wolde not go to plough,
he beggyd his brede: and no man wolde hym geve. Mar.
A nakyd ars no man kan robbe or dispoyle. Salo. Studye
makyth a maystre wele wyllled. Mar. Thandys that are
usyd in the fyre, fere not the ketyll. Sal. Brawlers and
janglers are to be kaste out of alle good companye. Mar.
An angry housewyf, the smoke, the ratte and a broken
plater, art often tymes unprofytable in an howse. Sal.
For goddys love men are bownden to love othre. Marc.
If thou love hym that lovyth not the thou lesyth thyn loue.
Salo. Saye not to thy frende come to morowe I shal geve

the, that thou maiste forthwyth geve hym. Mar. He sayth an othre tyme he shall doo it that hath not wherwyth redy for to do it with alle. Sal. He that is wyne dronken, holdyth nothing that he sayth. Marcolphus. An opyn arse hath no lord. Salo. Many coveyte to have rychesse that with povertye are holden undre. Marcol. Ete that ye have, an se what shall remaigne. Salomon. There are many that susteyne hungryr, and yet fede they theyre wyves. Mar. The pore had ne breed and yet he bought an hownde. Sal. The fole answeyryth aftyr hys folisshnes, for that he shulde not be knowyn wyse. Mar. What the stone heryth, that shall t[h]e oke answeyryth. Sal. Wrathe hath no mercy and trefore he that angrely *6a* spekyth beyth evyle or shrewdly. Mar. Saye not in thyn angre to thy frende no evyl, lest thou forthynke it aftreward. Sal. The mouthe of an ennemye kan saye no good, ne hys lyppys shall sownde no trouthe. Mar. He that lovyth me not doth not diffame me. Salo. Slepe as ye have nede. Ma. He that leyth hym downe to slepe and kan not, is not at his hertys ease. Sal. We haue well fyllyd oure belys lete us thanke god. Mar. As the owsell whystelyth so answeyryth the thrusshe, the hungryr and the fulle synge not oon songe. Sal. Lete us ete and drinke we shall alle deye. Marc. The hungryr dyeth as wele as the full fedd. [Sal]. As a man playeth upon an harpe he kan not wele indite. Mar. So whan the hownde shytyth he berkyth noth. Sal. The wretchyd wombe is full go we now to bedde. Marcol. He turnyth and walowyth and

slepyth evyl that hath not for to ete. Salo. Dyspyse thou not a lytyll gifte that is geven the of a trewe frende. Mar. That a geldyd man hath that gevyth he to his neighborwes. Salo. Go thou not wyth the evyll man or the brawelyng, lest thou suffre evyll for hym or peryle. Marcolphus. A dede bee makyth no hony. Salo. If thou make frendeship with a false and evylwyllled man, it shal hyndre the more than proffyte. Marcolphus. What the wolf doth that pleasyth the wolfesse. Salomon. He that answeyryth afore
66 he is demaundyd shewyth hym self a fole. Mar. Whan a man tredyth drawe to you youre fete. Sal. Evrything chesyth his lyke. Mar. Where a skabbyd horse is he sekyth his lyke and eyther of thaym gnappyth othre. Salo. A mercyfull man doth wele to his sowle. Mar. He dyspyseth a great gifte that knowyth not hym self. Sal. He that skapyth te wolf metyth the lyon. Marcolfus. From evyll into worse as the cooke to a bakere. Sal. Ware that no man do the non evyll, if he do, do it not agen. Mar. The stylelle standyng watyr and the man that spekyth but lytyll beleve thaym not. Salo. We may not alle be lyke. Mar. It standeth wryten in a boke, he that hath no horse muste go on fote. Salo. A chylde of an hundred yere is cursyd. Mar. It is to late an olde hounde in a bande to lede. Sal. He that hath shal be geuen, and shall flowe. Mar. Woo to that man that hath frendes and no breed. Salomon. Whoo to that man that hath a dowble herte and in bothe weyes wyll wandre. Mar. He that woll two weyes go muste eythre his ars or his breche tere.

Salomon. Of habundaunce of therte the mouth spekyt.
Mar. Out of a full wombe thars trompyth. Salo. Two oxen in one yocke drawen lyke. Mar. Two veynes go lyke to oon ars. Sal. A fayre woman is to be lovyd of hire husbande. Mar. In the necke is she whyte as a dove, and in the ars blacke and derke lyke a molle. Salo. Out of the generacion of inda is my moost kyndrede, the lord of *7a* my fadre hath made gouernoure ovyr his people. Mar. I knowe wele a tabyl cloth, and of what werke it is made. Salomon. Nede makyth a right wyse man to do evyll. Mar. The wolf that is takyn and set fast eythre he byyteth or shytyth. Sal. Were it so that god alle the world undre my power had set, it shulde suffyse me. Marc. Men kan not geve the katte so moche but that she woll hyr tayle wagge. Sal. He that late comyth to dyner, his parte is leest in the mete. Mar. The glouton kan not se or renne alabout. Salo. Though it be so that thy wif be sowre, fere hir not. Mar. The shepherde that wakyth well, ther shall the wolf no wolle shyte. Sal. It becometh no foles to speke or to brynge forth any wyse reason. Mar. It becomyth not a dogge to bere a sadyll. Salo. Whyles the children are lytyll, reighte theyre lymmes and maners. Marc. He that kyssyth the lambe lovyth the shepe. Salo. Alle reycht pathys goon to warðes oon weye. Marc. So done alle the veynes renne towards the ars. Salo. Of a good man cometh a good wyf. Marcolf. Of a good mele comyth a great torde that men wyth theyre fete trede. So muste men also alle the bestyall wyne trede undre fote.

Salo. A fayre wyf becomyth well by hir husband. Mar. A pot full wyth wyne becom[e]th well by the thrusty. Salo.
 7^b Wel becomyth a fayre sworde by my syde. Mar. Wel becom[e]th my hegge a great hepe of stonys. Sal. The gretter that ye be the more meke shulde ye be in alle thyngys. Mar. He rydyth well that ridyth wyth his felawes. Sal. The wyse chylde gladyth the fadyr, and the folyssh childe is a sorwe to the modyr. Mar. They synge not al oon songe the glad and the sory. Salo. He that sowyth wyth skaerstye repyth skaersly. Mar. The more it fryseth the more it byndeth. Sal. Do alle thynges by counsell and thou shalt not aftre forthinke it. Mar. He is seke ynough that the sekenesse drawyth or folowyth. Sal. Alle thinges have theyre seasons and tyme. Mar. Now daye to morwe daye, sayde the oxe that the hare chacyd. Sa. I am wery of spekyng, lete us therefore reste. Mar. Therefore shall not y leue my clapping. Sa. I may no more. Mar. If ye maye no more yelde youre self ovyrcomen, and geve me that ye have promysed. Wyth that spake to marcolf Hanany as the sone of jojade, and zabus the kinges frende, and adonias the sone of abde whiche hadden the charge and gouernaunce ovyr the ky[n]ges tribute, and sayde: Thou shalt not herefore be the thyrdde in the kingedome of our soueraigne lord; Men shall rather put bothe thyn worst yen out of thy moost vyle hede: for it becomyth the bettyr to lye amonge berys, than to be exalted to any dignyte or honour. Than marcolphus sayde wherfor hath the king than promysed?

Than sayde the kinges xij. prouostes that is to wyte 8a
 Neuthur, Benadachar, Benesya, Bena, Benanides, Bantha-
 bar, Athurady, Bominia, Josephus, Semes, and Samer.
 Wherto com[e]th this fole oure soveraign lorde althus to
 trouble and mocke? Why dryue ye hym not out wyth
 stavys of his syghte? Tho sayde salomon, not so, but
 geue hym wele to ete and drinke, and lete hym than goo
 in. pease. So spak marcolphus goyng his weye to the
 king; I suffre ynough what that ye haue sayde. I shall
 alweyes saye There is no king were no lawe is.

Onys upon a tyme the king rode an huntynge wyth
 his hunterys and howndes, and fortunyd hym to come by
 the house of marcolf: And turnyd hymself thidrewards.
 wyth his horse and demaunded wyth his hede inclyned
 undre the dorre bowe, who was wythin. Marcolf answeyrd
 to the king, wythin is an hool man and an half, and an horse
 hede, and the more that they ascende the more they downe
 falle. To that spak salomon, what menyst thou therwith-
 all? Tho answeyrd marcolphus, the hool man is myself
 syttyng wythin; ye are the half man syttyng wythoute
 upon youre horse lōkyng in wyth youre hede declyned.
 And the horse hede is the hede of youre horse that ye
 sytte on. Than Salomon demaunded of Marcolphus what
 they were that clymen up and fallyn downe. Marcol 8b.
 answeyrd and sayde: they are the benys boyleng in the
 pott. Salomon. Where is thy fadyr, thy modyr, thy
 sustyr, and thy brothyr? Mar. My fadyr is in the felde
 and makyth of oon harme two. My modyr is goon and

dooth to hir neighborwe that she nevyr more shall do: my brothyr sytting wythoute the house sleyth alle that he fyndeth. My sustyr syttyth in hire chambre and bewepyth that aforetyme she laughyd.. Salomon. What betokenth they? Mar. My fadyr is in the felde and puttyth or settyth thornys in a foot path and comyng men they make an othre path therby and so he makyth of oon harme two. My modyr is goon and closyth the yes of hir neyghborwe deying, the whiche she shall nevyr more do. My brothyr sytting wythoute the house in the sonne and lowsyth, and alle that he fyndeth he sleyth. My sustyr the laste yere lovyd a yonge man and wyth kyssyng, laughing, tastyng, japyng and playing, she was getyn wyth chylde whereof she now travayllyth, and that now she bewepyth sore. Salomon. How comyth to the alle this wysdome and subtyltye? Marcolfus. In the tyme of king dauid youre fadyr there was a yonge man his phisician, and as he onys had takyn a vulture for to occupye in his medicins, and had takyn therof that was to hym expedyent, so toke youre modyr Barsebea the herte and leyde it upon
9a a cruste of breed and rostyde it upon the fayre and gave you the herte to ete, and I thanne beyng in the kechin, she kast at my hede the cruste through moysted wyth therte of the vulture: and that ete I and therof I suppose is comen to me my subtyltie lyke as to you is comen by etyng of therte wysedom. Salomon. As verely God helpe the, in gabaa god appieryd to me and fulfylled me wyth sapience. Marcolphus. He is holdyn wyse that reputyth hym self a

fole. Sa. Haste thou not herde what rychesse god hath gevyen me aboven that wysedome. Mar. I have herde it and I knowe well that where god woll there reynyth it. To that sayd salomon all laughyngly: my folkys wayte upon me withoute I may no lengyr wyth the talke, but saye to thy modyr that she sende me of hir beste cowe a pot full of mylke and that the pot of the same cowe be coveryd, and bringe thou it to me. Marcolphus. It shal be done. King salomon wyth his companye rydyng towardys ierusalem was honourably receyvyd, as a riche and moost puyssant king. And whan floscemya marcolphus modyr was comyn home to hir house, he dede to hir the kinges message. Than she taking a pot full wyth mylke of hir cowe, and coveryd it wyth a flawne of the same mylke made, and sent it so forth to the king by hir sone. As marcolphus went ovyr the felde the wethir was warme of the sonne, sawe lying there a drye bakyn cowe torde: and for haste he unnethe 9b cowde set downe the pot to the erthe but that he had etyn the flawne, and toke up the cowe torde and therwyth covyrd the pot: and so covyrd presentyd it before the king. And he askyd why is the pot thus covyrd? Marcolf. My lord have not ye commaunded that the milke shulde be covyrd of the same cowe. Salo. I commaunded not so to be done. Mar. Thus I undyrstode. Sal. It had ben bettyr coveryd wyth a flawne made wyth the mylke of the same cowe. Mar. So was it furste done but hungyr chaungyd wyt. Sal. How? Marc. I wyste wele that ye had no

nede of mete, and I havynge great hungry ete the flawne wyth mylke anoynted and for that wyth wyt chungyd, the pot I have thus coveryd wyth a cowe torde. Sal. Now leve we all this : and yf that thou thys nyght wake not aswele as I, thou mayste have no truste to morne of thy hede. Salomon and marcolph consentyd bothe, and wythin a lytyll whyle after marcolph began to rowte. Salo. sayde marcolf thou slepyst. Marcolph answeryd Lord I do not, I thinke. Salomon. What thinkyst thou. Marcolf. I thinke that there are as many joyntys in the taylor of an hare, as in hire chyne. Salomon. If thou prove not that to morne thou arte worthy to deye. Salomon beyng styлле, began marcolph to slepe. Agen and sayde to hym, thou slepyst. And he answeryd I do not, for I thynke. Salomon. What thynkest thou. Marcolphus. 10a I thynke that the pye hath as many whyte fethrys as blacke. Salomon. But thou also prove that trewe, thou shalt lese thyn hede. As salomon agen began to be styлле Marcolph began agen to rowte and to blowe. And Salomon sayd to hym thou slepyst. Marcolphus. Nay I thinke. Salomon. What thinkest thou. Marcolph. I thinke that undre therthe is no clerer thing than the daye. Salomon. Is the daye clerer than mylke. Marcolph. Je. Salomon That muste thou prove. Anone herupon began marcolphus to slepe. Salo. Thou slepyst. Mar. I slepe not but I muse. Salomon. What musyst thou. Marcolph. I muse how that men may not surely truste the women. Salomon. And that of the shal be provyd. Anon after as Salomon

was styлле began marcolf agen to blowe and to slepe. Salomo. Thou slepyst. Marcolph. I do not but I thinke. Salomon. What thinkest thou. Marcolph. I thinke how that nature goth afore lernyng. Salomon. If thou prove not that trewe thou shalt lese thyn hede. Aftyr that the nyght was ovyrpassyd and salomon wery of waking put hym self to reste. Than marcolf lefte the king and ran hastily to hys sustyr Fudasa, and fayned hymself sorwefull, and hevvy, and sayde to hyre, The king Salomon is agenst me, and I may not bere hys threytys and iniuries: and but I shall take this knyf and hyde it secretly undyr *106* my clothes, and there wyth thys daye all pryuely he not knowyng I shall smyte hym to therte and sle hym. Now good dere sustyr I praye the accuse me not but in any wyse kepe it secrete ne shewe it not to myn owne brothyr Bufrydo. Fudasa answeyrd, my dere and leevest brothyr Marcolf put no doubttes therin, I had levyr dye and be brent at a stake rather than I shulde discovre it or accuse the. Aftyr that retournyd marcolf all pryvely towardys the kynges courte. The sonne rysyng and spredyng hyr beamys ovyr therthe illumined and fulfyllyd the kingys palayce, and salamon rysyng from his bed wente and sat in the trone or sete of his palayce. Than commaunded he to bringe afore hym an hare, and as many joyntes in his tayle as in his chyne were fownden by marcolph and nombredyd. Thanne was there a pye brought before the king, and as many whyte fethrys as black were fownden by marcolph. And thanne toke marcolph a great panne

wyth mylke and set it in the kinges bedchambre all pryvely, and closyd to alle the wyndowes that no lyght myght in come. Thanne kallyd he the king into the chambre. And as he come in he stumblyd at the panne and was nygh fallyn therin. Tho was the king angry and displeasyd and sayd thou fowle evyl body, what is it that

IIa thou doost. Marcolphus answeryd, Ye ought not herefore to be angry. For haue ye not sayd that milke is clerer than the daye. How is it that ye se not as wele by the clerenesse of the mylke as ye do bi the clerenesse of the daye ; juge egaly and ye shall fynde that I haue nothyng mysdone unto you. Salomon. God forgeue the, my clothys be all wyth mylke sprongyn, and nygh I had my necke brokyn and yet thou haste me nothing trespassyd. Marcolphus answeryd, an othre tyme se bettyr to fore you ; nevyrthelesse sytte downe and do me justyce upon a mater that I shall shewe afore you. Whan he was set, Marcolph complayned and shewyd. Lord I have a sustyr that hath to name Fudasa and she hath geuen hyrself to horedam and is wyth childe wherwyth she shamyth and dishonestyd alle oure bloode and lynage, and yet wolde she parte wyth me in my fathres good and herytage. Thanne sayde Salomon. Lete hyr come afore us, and we shall here hyr what she woll saye herto. As Salomon sawe hyr come from ferre, sayde all laughyngly. Thys may wele be Marcolphus sustyr. This fudasa was short and thycke, and therto was she great wyth chylde, and thus was she

thicker than she was of lenththe. She had thycke leggys and short, and went on bote lame ; wyth vysage, yen and stature lycke to Marcolph. Salomon sayde to Marcolph. What complaynest or askyst thou of thy sustyr. Mar- 11b
colph answeyrd. My lord I complayne and shewe opynly afore you of my sustyr that she is a stronge harlot and a strumpet, and is wyth chylde, as ye may se : and alle oure blood and kynrede by hyr is shamyd. That wythstandyng she wolde dele and parte wyth me in my fathres good and herytage. Wherefore I requyre you of iustyce that ye commaunde hire that she take no parte ne make no clayme therto. This heryng Fudasa replete wyth angre and woednesse cryed on hygh and sayde. Thou fowle mysshapyn harlot, wherefore shulde not I have my parte in oure fadres good and herytage : and is not Floscemya moder to us bote. Marcolph. Thou shalt not have any dele or parte therin for thin offense iugeth the clerely therfro. Fudasa. Therefore I may not lese myn herytage : for have j mysdone. j shall amende it, but oon thyng I promyse the, and swere by god and all hys myght. If thou wylt not lete me be in pease, and suffre me to haue my parthe in the land, I shall shewe suche a thyng of the that the king or it be nyght shall do the to be hangyd. Marcolphus. Thou fowle stynkyng hore, what kanst thou saye of me, I have no man mysdone, saye thy worste I dyffye the. Thou haste moche misdnone thou fowle facyd knave and rybaulde that thou art. For thou gladly woldyst sle the king, and yf ye beleve not me, seke undyr 112a

his cote and ye shall fynde the knyf. Tho was the knyf sought by the kinges seruautys and it was not fownde. Sayde marcolph to the king and to the aboutestanders. And have I not sayde trouthe, that men shulde not put ovyr moche truste or confidenc in the women. Wyth that they alle began to laughen. Tho sayd salomon. Marcolph thou doost alle thy thynges by crafte and subtyltye. Marcolph answeryd, Lord it is no subtyltye, but that my sustyr had promysed me to have kept it secrete, and she hath falsely discoverd it as though it had ben of a trouthe. Salomon. Wherefore haste thou sayd that arte or nature goth before lernyng. Marcolph. Take pacyence a lytyll, and afore or ye go to bedde I shal shewe you. The daye passyd ovyr and the tyme of souper cam on. The king sat to sowper and othre, wyth whom sat marcolph, and had alle pryvely put into hys sleve thre quyk myse. There was norysshed in the kinges house a catte, that every nyght as the king sat at sowper, was wont to holde betwyxt hyre fore feet a brennyng kandell upon the tabyll. Thanne lete marcolph oon of the myse go out of his sleve. As the catte that saugh, she wolde have lept aftyr: but the king gave hyr a wynke or countenaunce, that she bode styлле syttyng and removyd not. And in like wyse dede she of the secunde mowse. Thanne lete marcolph the thrydde
12b mowse go, and as the katte sawe he cowde no lenger abyde, but kaste the kandell awaye and lept aftyr the mowse and toke it. And as marcolph that sawe; sayde to the king. Here I have now provyd before you that nature

goth afore lernyng. Tho commaunded Salomon his seruauntes, have thys man out of my syghte: and if he come hythre any more, set my howndes upon hym. Marcolphus. Now for certayne I knowe and may saye that where as the hede is seke and evyll at ease, there is no lawe. As marcolph was thus out dryven, he sayde to hymself; neythre so nor so shall the wyse Salomon of marcolf be quyte. On the next mornyng folowyng as he was out of his couche or kenel rysen; he bethoughte hym in his mynde how he myght beste gete hym agen into the kinges courte wythout hurte or devouryng of the howndes. He went and bought a quyk hare and put it undre his clothis and gede agen to the courte. And whan the kinges seruauntes had syghte of hym, they set upon hym alle the howndes and forthwyth he caste the hare from hym, and the howndes aftre, and lefte marcolph, and thus came he agen be the king. And as he sawe hym he askyd who had letyn hym in. Marcolph answeyrd wyth great sutyltie am j in comen. Sal. Beware that thys daye thou spytte not but upon the bare grownde. The palayce was all coveryd wyth tapettys, and the walles hangyd wyth riche clothys. Marcof wythin [a] short space aftyr, wyth 13a his talkyng and clateryng wyth othre his mouth was full of spytyll, began to cough and reche up, beholdyng alaboute hym where he myght best spytte and coud fynde no bare erthe: sawe a ballyd man stondyng by the king barehedyd, and spatyd evyn upon his forehede. The ballyd man was therwyth ashamyd,

made clene his forehede, and fyll on kneyes before the kingys fete, and made a complaynt upon marcolph. Salomon. Wherefore haste thou made fowle the forehede of this man. Mar. I have not made it fowle but I have dungyd it, or made it fat. For on a bareyne grownde it behovyth dunge to be layde, that the corne that is theron sowyn may the bettyr growe and multiplie. Salomon. What is that to this man. Mar. My lord have ye not forbedyn me that this daye I shulde not spytte but upon the bare erthe, and I saw his forehede all bare of herys: and thynkyng it be bare erthe, and therefore I spytted upon it. The king shall not be angry for this thing for I have done it for the manys proffyte, for and if his forehede were thus usyd to be made fat the herys shulde agen encrease and multiplie. Salo. God geve the shame, for the ballyd men aught to be abouen othre men in honure. For balydnesse is no shame but a begynnyng of worship. Marcolphus. Balydnesse is a flyes nest. Beholde I not syre how the flyes
13b folowe more his forehede than alle the othre that ben wythin thys house. For why they trowen that it be a vessell turnyng full wyth som good drinke or ellys to be a stone anonyted wyth any swete thyng: and therfore they haste thaym to his bare forehede. To this sayd the ballyd man afore the king. Wherto is this moost vyle rybaulde sufferyd in the kinges presence us to rebuke and shame: let hym be kast out. Marcolph. And be it pease in thy vertu, and I shalbe styлле. Herewythall come yn two women bryngyng wyth thaym a lyving chylde, for the

wyche they afore the king began to stryve. For the oon sayde it belongyd to hyre but the oon of thaym had forlayne hyre chylde slepyng; so that they were in stryve for the levyng chylde. Salomon sayd to oon of his servauntis: take a sworde and departe thys chylde in two pecys, and geve eyther of thaym the oon half. That heryng the naturall modyr of the lyvyng chylde sayde to the king: Lord I beseche you geve it to that woman all hool lyvyng for she his the verraye modyr therof. Than sayde Salomon that she was the modyr of the chylde and gave it to hire. Marcolph demaunded of the king how he the modyr knewe. Salomon. By chaungyng of hir colure and affection, and by effusyon of terys. Marcolphus. Ye myghthe so be deceyved for beleue ye the wepyng of the women and are so wyse and knowe the crafte of thaym no bettyr. Whyllys a woman wepyth she laughyth wyth therte. They kan 14a wepe wyth oon yie, and lawgh wyth the othyr. They make contenaunce wyth the vysage that they thinke not. They speke wyth the tunge that they mene not wyth therte. They promyse many tymes that they parforme not but they chaunge theyre contenaunces as theyre myndes renne. The women have innumerable craftes. Salomon. As many craftes as they have, so many good condicyons and propyrties they haue. Marcolphus. Saye not good condicyons or propyrties, but saye shrewdnessys and decepcyons. Salomon. Surely she was an hore that bare suche a sone. Marcolf. Wherefore saye ye so. Salomon. For thou blamyst alle women and they are honest, chaste,

meke, lovyng and curtayse. Marcolf. To that myght ye adde and saye that they are brotyll and mutable. Salomon. If they be brotyll, that have they of manys condicyon, yf they be chaungeable that have they by delectacioun. Woman is though made of mannys rybbe and geven vnto hym for his helpe and comfort. For woman is as moche to saye as a weyke erthe or a weyke thyng. Mar. In like wyse it is as moche to saye as a softe erreure. Sal. There lyst thou false kaytyf. Thou muste nedys be evyll and onhappy that sayst so moche shame and harme of women. For of women we are alle comen, and therfore he that seyth evyll of the kynde of women is greatly to be blamyd, 14b for what is rychesse, what is kingdomes, what is possessions what is goold what is sylver what is costely clothyng or preciouise stonys, what is costely metys or drinkes, what is good companye or solace what is myrthe whitoute women. On trouthe they may kalle wele the world deed that from women are exiled or banysshed. For women muste bere the chyldren they fede and norysshe thaym up and love thaym well. She desyryth thayre helthys, she gouernyth the household. She forwyth the helthe of hyr husband and household. Women is the dilectacion of alle thinges : she is the swetnesse of youthe, she is the solace of joye of age. She is gladnesse of children : she is joye of the daye. She is solace of the nyght. She is the glad ynd of laboure. Of alle hevynesses she is the forgeter. She servyth whitoute grutchyng. And she shall wathe my goyng out, and myn incomyng. Therupon answeyrd

marcolphus. He seyth trouthe that thinkyst wyth his herte as he spekyth wyth his mowth. Ye haue the women in great favoure and therefore ye prayse thaym. Rychesse, nobylnesse, fayrenesse, and wysedom be in you and therefore it behovyth you to love women. But I assure you one thyng albeit that ye now prayse thaym ovyr moche, or ye slepe ye shal dysprayse thaym as faste. Salomon. Therof thou shalt lye, for alle my lyve dayes I have lovyd women and shall duryng my lyf. But now go from me and se wele to 15a that before me thou nevyr speke evyll of women. Than marcolphus goyng out of the kynges palayce, kallyd to hym the woman that had hir childe to hyre geven agen by the king and sayd to hyre knowyst thou not what is done and concluded in the kingys counsell to daye. She answeryd my chylde is gevyn me agen alyve, what ellys there is done, that knowe not I. Tho sayd marcolph the king hath commaunded and is uttyrly determyned that tomorwe thou and thy felawe shall come agen afore hym: and that thou shalt have the one half of thy chylde and thy felawe the othre half. Than sayde the woman O what evyll king and what false and untrewes sentence gevyth he. Marcolph sayde yet shall I shewe the grettyr matters and more chargeable, and of grettyr weyghte. The king and his counseyle hath ordeyned that evyr man shall have vij. wyves, therfor remembre and thinke what therin is best to be done. For as one man hath vij. wyves, so shall ther nevyr more be reste or pease in thouse,

one shal be belovyd an othre shall displease hym, for hir that he lovyth shalbe moost wyth hym: and the othre nevyr or seldom. She shalbe wele clothyd and the othre shalbe forgetyn: hyr that he lovyth best shall haue ryngys, jowellys, goold sylvyr furies and were sylkys. She shal kepe the keyes of alle the house. She shalbe honouryd of alle the servauntys and be kallyd mastres. All his goodes
15^b shall falle to hire: what shall than saye the othre vj. And yf he love tweyne: what shall the othre v. saye and yf he love thre what shal saye the othre iiij. and yf he love iiij. what shall the othre iij. do, &c. That he lovyth best he shall alwayes have by hym and kysse hire and halse hyre. The othyr shall mowe saye that they are neythre wydowes nor weddyd, nor yit unweddyd, nor wythoute husbände. They shal mowe well forthynke that they have theyre mayndehede loste. There shall evyr stryff angre envye and brawelyng reigne and if there be not fownde a remedy herefore many great inconvenyencys shall growe there of. And by cause that thou arte a woman, and well acqueynted wyth the condicyons of women; haste the and shewe thys to alle the ladyes and women wythin this citie, and advyse thaym that they consente not to it in anywyse, but wythstande it and saye agenst the king and his counseyll. Marcolf retourned and went agen to the courte and pryvely hyd hym in a corner. And the woman trowyd his wordys to be trewe, ranne trough the citie and clappyd hire handys togydre and cryed wyth opyn mowthe and shewyd all that she had herd and

more. And eche neyghborwe or gossyp saide it forth to an othre, so that in short tyme there was a great assemble or gaderyng of women wel nigh that alle the women that weren wythin the citie, and se gadred, went to the kynges 16a palayse well by the nombre of vi. M. women and brak up dorys and ovyr went the king and his counsell wyth great malyce and lowde crying. The king as he this herde axyd what the cause was of thayre gaderyng. To that oon woman that wyser and more eloquent than the othre sayde unto the king. Moost myghty prynce to whom goold, sylver, precieuse stones and alle rychesse of the world tho you are brought, ye do alle thyng as ye woll, and non agensayth youre pleasure: ye have a Quene and many Quenys, and ovyr that ye have concubynes or paramours wythoute nombre or as many as you pleasyth, for ye have all that ye wol. So may not every man do? Salomon answeyrd God hath anoynted and made me king in Israhel, may I not than do and accomplyssh all my wylle. Do youre wylle wyth youre owne, and medle not wyth us. We are of the noble blood of Abraham and holde moyses lawe. Wherfor woll ye thave that chaunge and altre; ye are bownden to do right and iustyce, wherefore do ye unryght. Tho sayde Salomon wyth great unpacyence. Thou shamfull wyf what unright or wronge do y. She answeyrd, as great unright do ye as kan be thought or ymagined. For ye haue ordeyned that every man shal haue mowe lawefully vii. wyues, and certaynli that shall not be. For there is not that prynce, duke or erle, that so 16b

riche and puyssaunt is, but that oon woman alone shall mow fullfyllle alle his desyres and wylle: what thanne shulde he do wyth vij. wyves: it is aboven any mannys myght or power. It were bettyr ordeyned that oon woman shulde have vij. husbondes. Than sayd Salomon all laughyngly, I had not trowed that of men had ben fewer in nombre than of women. Tho kryed alle the women as mad people wyth oute any reason. Ye are an evyle king and youre sentences ben false and unrightfull. Now may we wel here and se that it is trouthe that we have herd of you: and that ye have of us sayde evyll, and therto ye skorne and mocke us before oure vysages that we se it. O lord god who was so evyle as saule that regnyd ovyr us furste yet davyd was worse, and now this Salomon werst of alle. Than the king beyng full of wrathe sayde. There is no hede more worse than the serpent, and there is no malyce to the malyce of a woman; for it were bettyr to dwelle wyth serpentys and lyons, than wyth a wyckyd woman. Alle evyll are but lytyl tho the cur-sydnesse of a shrewd woman. Alle wyckydnesse falle upon women as the sande fallyth in the shoes of the oolde people goyng up an hylle. So a talkatyf woman and dishobedynt is a great confusyon. That wyf that is hir husbondes maister is evyr contrarye to hym. An evyl wyf makyth a pacient herte, and a sory
17a vysage and it as plage of the deth. A woman was the begynnynge of synne, and through hire we dye alle. The woman that is luxuriouse may men knowen in the uppermost of hire

yes, and by hir browes. For hire yes are wythoute revyrence and ther nede no man wondre although she forgete hir husbonde. As the king althus had sayd, so spak nathan the prophete and sayde. My lord why rebuke ye and shame ye thus alle thies women of iherusalem. Salomon. Have ye not herd what dishonoure they have sayd of me wythoute deservyng. Nathan answeyrd; he that woll wyth hys subgiettys lyve in reste and pease, he muste som tyme be blynde, dumme, and deaf. Salomon. It is to be answeyrd to a fole aftyr his folysshnes. Tho sprange Marcolph out of the corner that he sat in, and sayde to the king: now have ye spokyn aftyr myn intent. For ones thys daye ye praysed women out of alle mesure, and now have ye disprayed thaym as moche: that is it that I sought: alwayes ye make my saying trewe. Salo. Thou fowle evyle body, knowyst thou of this commocion. Marcolph. Nay; nevyrthelesse ye shulde not geue credence to alle thing that ye here. Tho sayd the king salomon, go from hens out of my syghte: and I charge the that I se the no mere betwixt the yes. Forth with was marcolph kast out of the kinges palayse. Thann they that stoden by the king sayden; my lord speke to thiese women sumwhat that may please thaym to here; to thentent that they may 17b departe. Than turnyd the king towards thaym and sayd. Your goodnesse shal undrestande, that I am not to be blamyd in that that ye laye to my charge. That evyl sayer marcolf, that ye here late sawe hath out of hymself alle this matier surmysed and fayned: and every man

shall have hys owne wyf, and hyr wyth faythe and honestie love and cherysshe. That I have spokyn agenst the wyves I haue not sayde it but agenst the froward wyves who shulde of the good wyves speke any evyll. For a good wyf makyth hyr husbande glad and blythe wyth hyre goodnesse. She is a parte the lyvyng of hyre husbond upon erthe, and hyr lernyng advauntagyth or forthryth hys body. She is a gifte of god. A wyse wyf and a stylye is a grace abouen graces. A good shamefast and an honeste wyf is lyke the sonne clymmyng up to god. A wyf of good condicyons is the ornament or apparayle of the house. She is a lyght shynyng bryghther than the lyght of candellys. She is lyke the goolden pyller standyng upon hir feet and an ovyr faste fundament grownded upon a sure stone wythoute mutacions and the commandemantys of god evyr in hyr mynde. The hooly god of Israhel blesse you and multiplie youre sede and kyndrebede unto the ende of the worlde. Tho sayde they alle, amen: and toke
18a leve of the king and went theyre weyes. Marcoph beryng in his mynde of the unkyndnesse that the king had commanded hym that he shulde no more se hym betwixt the yes, thought in hymself what was best to do. It happenyd that the next nyght folowyng fyll a great snowe. Marcolphus toke a lytyll cyve or temse in his oon hande and a foot of a bere in the othre hande, and he turnyd hys shoes that stode forwardes upon his feet bakward. And upon the mornyng erly he began to go lyke a beste upon alle fowre feet through the strete, and whan he was comen a lytyll

wythouthe the towne, he fownde an olde ovyn and crept into it. And as the lyght of the daye was oncomen, oon of the kingys seruauntys founde the footstappys of marcolph and thought that it was the trace or stappys of a merveylous beste, and in alle haste went and shewyd it to the king. Thanne incontynent with huntres and howndes he wente to hunte and seke the sayd wondrefull beeste and folowed it unto they comen before the oven where they had loste and fownde no more of the steppys. The king Salomon discended from hys hors and began to loke into the oven. Marcolphus laye all crokyd, hys vysage from hym wardes; had put downe hys breche into hys hammes that he myght se hys ars hole and alle hys othre fowle gere. As the kyng Salomon that seyng demawnded what laye there. Mar. answeryd, I am here: Sal. Wherefore lvest thou thus. Marcolf. For ye haue commaunded me that ye shulde no more se me betwyxt myn yes; now and ye woll not se me betwyxt myn yes, ye may se me betwene by buttockys in the myddes of myn arsehole. Than was the king sore meovyd [and] commaunded his seruauntys to take hym and hange hym upon a tre. Mar. so takyn, sayde to the kyng. My lord well it please you to geve me leue to chose the tre wherupon that I shall hange. Sal. sayde be it as thou haste desyred, for it forcyth not on what tre that thou be hangyd. Than the kinges seruauntes token and leddyn marcolph wythoute the citie, and through the vale of iosaphath and ovyr the hyghte of the hylle of olyuete from thens to iericho and cowde

fynde no tre that marcolf wolde chese to be hangyd on. From thens wente they ovyr the flome iordane and alle arabye through, and so forth all the great wyldernesse unto the rede see. And nevyrmore cowde marcolph fynde a tre that he wolde chese to hange on. And thus he askapyd out of the dawnger and handes of king salomon, and turnyd agen unto hys howse, and levyd in pease and ioie. And so mote we alle do aboven wyth the fadre of heven. Amen.

¶ Emprentyd at andewerpe by
me M. Gerard leeu.

LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

LATIN EDITIONS—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

1. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Cologne, c. 1473). 12 leaves, 31 lines, without printed signatures.

Collation : ab⁶ ; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1 probably blank. Leaf 2^a Dyalogus Salomonis ⁊ Marcolfi.
|| [C]Vm staret salomon super solium dauid || p̄ris
sui. plen⁹ sapiencie ⁊ diuiciis. vi || dit &c. Leaf 12^b
Et sic euasit manus Salo regis. post hoc domum
|| remeās quieuit in pace. Sit laus deo. AMEN.

Copies : British Museum.

2. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (J. & C. Hijst, Spire c. 1482). 12 leaves, 34 lines, without printed signatures.

Collation : ab⁶ ; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1 blank.
Leaf 2 Dyalogus Salomo = || nis et Marcolfi.

||[c]Vm staret Salomon sup soliū dauid || pris sui.
plen⁹ &c. Leaf 12^a li. 35 mā⁹ Salo. regis. p⁹ h^o
domū remeās ġeuit in pace. 12^b blank.

Copies: Brit. Mus. 1070. m. 44. Bodleian. University Library, Cambridge.

Hain *14248.

3. Quarto. 1482. Without place, or name of printer.
Hain 14254.

4. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer
(H. Knoblochster, Strasburg. c. 1483). 14 leaves, 31 & 30
lines, with printed signatures (a11, a111 on a3, a4).

Collation: a⁸, b⁶; 14 leaves (1-14). Leaf 1 blank.

Leaf 2^a Dyalogus Salomonis et marcolfi || Salomon
cū sta || ret sup solium || &c. Leaf 13^b Explicit
dyalogus Salo || monis et marcolfi. Leaf 14
blank.

Copies: Brit. Mus. 12330. g. 36.

Hain *14246.

* * * The first printed leaf is ornamented with a border.
The initial S at the beginning of the text contains two
figures representing Solomon and Marcolphus.

5. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer
(Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 12 leaves, 30 lines, with
printed signatures.

Collation: a b⁶; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1^a Incipiut

36 LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

(sic) collationes quas || dicuntur fecisse mutuo rex salomō sapientissim⁹ et mar || colphus facie deformis et turpissimus tamē ut fertur || eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 12^b rem elegit Et sic euasit manus Salomōis regis Post || hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace.

Copies : Brit. Mus. 12316. d. 9.

* * On the first page below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus.

6. Quarto. Without date, or place, Jacobus de Breda (Deventer, c. 1486). 16 leaves, 28 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : 16 leaves (1-16). Leaf 1^a Incipiūt collatiōes q̄s dicūt fecisse mutuo rex || salomō sapiētissim⁹ ¶ marcolph⁹ facie deformis || ei (sic) turpissim⁹ tñ ut fert' eloquētissim⁹ feliciter. Leaf 15^b hoc domū remeans quieuit in pace || Et sic est finis per me Jacobū de breda || Laus deo. Leaf 16 blank.

Copies : Wolfenbüttel.

Campbell's Annales No. 452.

7. Quarto. Without date or place, Jacobus de Breda (Deventer, c. 1486). 14 leaves, 29 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a⁸, b⁶ ; 14 leaves (1-14). Leaf 1^a Incipiūt collatiōes q̄s dicūt fecisse mutuo rex Salomō

LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS. 37

sapiētissimus et marcolphus &c. Leaf 13^b Et sic
ē finis. p me Jacobū de breda. || Leaf 14 blank.

Copies : Royal Library at the Hague.

Campbell 451.

8. Quarto. 1487, Antwerp.

Maittaire iv. 2. p. 471. Hain 14255. Campbell 453.

* * This edition has never been described, nor is it known where any copy is preserved.

9. Quarto. 1488, 20 November. No place or name of printer (Deventer, Richard Paffroet). 12 leaves, 33 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a b⁶; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1^a Collationes
quas dicūtur fecisse mutuo || rex Salomon
sapiētissim⁹ et Marcolph⁹ || facie deformis et
turpissimus tamē ut ferī || eloquentissimus ||. Leaf
12^a Finit Dyalogus vt fertur inter Salomo-||nem
regem et Marcolphum rusticum || Impressus.
Anno dñi. M.cccc.lxxxviiij. || Vicesima Nouembris ||
Leaf 12^b blank.

Copies : University Library, Cambridge.

Campbell 454. Hain 14256.

10. Quarto. Without date. Antwerp, Gerard Leeu.
(c. 1488-9.) 10 leaves, 35 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a⁶, b⁴; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Salomonis
et marcolphi dyalogus ||. Leaf 10^a Finitū est hoc

opusculū antwerpīe || per me Gerardum leeu : ||.
 Leaf 10^b The printer's large device, Antwerp
 castle.

Copies: University Library, Cambridge. Royal
 Library, Brussels.

Campbell 455. Hain 14253.

* * On the recto of the first leaf, below the title, is a
 cut of Æsop, which is repeated on the verso of the leaf.

11. Quarto. Without date, place or name of printer
 (Antwerp, Matthew van der Goes). Number of leaves
 not known, 30 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation: Not known. Leaf 2^a (wrongly signed a 3)
 [c]Um staret salomō sup soliu3 || Daud patris sui
 plen⁹ sapien || &c.

Campbell 456. Described from a copy, then in the
 Vergauwen Collection, wanting the first leaf and
 all after the seventh.

12. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer
 (Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 12 leaves, 31 and 30 lines,
 with printed signatures.

Collation: ab⁶; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1^a Incipiunt
 collatiōes quas || dicuntur fecisse mutuo Rex
 salomon sapientissimus et. || Marcolphus facie
 deformis et turpissimus tamen vt || fertur
 eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 12^b borem eligit

Et sic euasit mauus (*sic*) Salomonis regis. || Post hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace. ~

Copies : Brit. Mus. 12316. d. 58.

Not mentioned by Hain.

* * On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus. This cut was used in the earlier Leipzig edition, No. 5.

13. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 12 leaves, 30 and 31 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : ab⁶; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1^a Incipiūt collatiōes quas dicñ (*sic*) || tur fecisse mutuo rex salomon sapiētissim⁹ et marcol = || phus facie deformis et turpissimus tamen vt fertur || eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 12^b means quieuit in pace.

Copies : University Library, Cambridge.

Hain *14247.

* * On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus; the same cut was used in Nos. 5 and 12.

14. Quarto. Without date, place or name of printer (Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 10 leaves, 31 and 32 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a⁴, b⁶; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Incipiunt collationes quas || dicuntur fecisse mutuo Rex salomon sapētissimus (*sic*) et || Marcolphus

facie deformis et turpissimus tamen ut || fertur
eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 10^b Post hoc
domum remeans quieuit in pace.

Copies : King's College, Aberdeen.

* * * On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus. The same cut was used in Nos. 5, 12 and 13.

15. Quarto. 1490, 5 October. No place or name of printer (Deventer, R. Paffroed). 12 leaves, 33 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : ab⁶; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1^a ¶ Collationes quas dicuntur fecisse mutuo || rex Salomon sapientissimus et Marcolphus || facie deformis et turpissimus tamen ut fertur || eloquentissimus Leaf 12^a ¶ Finit Dyalogus ut fertur inter Sa || lo-
monē regem et Marcolphū rusticū || Impressus.
Anno domini M.cccc.xc. || Quinta Octobris

Copies : Brit. Mus. 1070. m. 46.

Not mentioned by Campbell or Hain.

16. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Deventer J de Breda). 10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a⁶ b⁴; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Collationes (quas dicunt fecisse mutuo rex Salomon || sapiētissimus et Marcolph⁹ facie deformis & turpissimus || tamen vt fertur eloquentissimus)

LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS. 41

sequuntur ||. Leaf 10^a Finit dyalogus int'
Salomonē regē et Marcolphum.

Copies: Brit. Mus. 12330. bbb. 18. Bodleian.

Hain *14249? (described from a copy wanting the first leaf).

17. Quarto. 1496. Deventer. Without name of printer (R. Paffroed). 10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation: a⁶, b⁴; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Collatiōes
q̄s dicunť fecis || se mutuo rex Salomon sapien-
tissim⁹ et Marcolph⁹ || facie deformis ⁊ turpissimus
tū ut ferť eloquetissim⁹. Leaf 10^a ¶ Finit Dialogus
ut fertur inter Salo = | monem regem et Marcolphū
rusticum. || Impressus Dauētrie Anno domini.
M.||CCCC.xcvi.

Copies: Brit. Mus. 12330. d. 28. Cologne, Stadt-
bibliothek.

Not mentioned by Hain. Campbell (3rd Supp.) 459a.

18. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer.
10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation: 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Collatōnes quas ||
dicunť fecisse mutuo rex Salomon sapiētissimus et
Mar||colphus facie deformis et turpissimus se-
quuntur. || Marcolphus. Leaf 10 ¶ Finit dialogus
inter Salomonē regē et Marcolphū.

Hain *14251.

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19. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer.
12 leaves, 32 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a¹²; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1^a Salomon et
Marcol||phus collocutores. Leaf 12^a euasit manus
regis salomonis. Post hoc domum re-||means
quieuit in pace. || Finitum est hoc opusculum.

Copies : Bodleian, Douce 115.

Not in Hain. Brunet (ed. 1863) tom. 5. p. 94.

* * On the verso of the first leaf is a very beautifully
executed cut of Solomon and Marcolphus.¹

20. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer
(Deventer, J. de Breda). 10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed
signatures.

Collation : a⁶, b⁴; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Collatōes q̄s
dicunť fe||cisse mutuo rex Salomon sapiētissimus
ŕ Marcolphus || facie deformisŕ turpissimus
tamen vt fertur eloquentissi||mus sequuntur. Leaf
10^a ¶ Finit dyalog⁹ inť Salomonē regē ŕ Mar-
colphū.

Copies : Royal Library, the Hague.

Campbell 459.

* * On the recto of the first leaf below the title is the
cut of the four Evangelists, used by J. de Breda as a
device.

¹ This woodcut is reproduced as a frontispiece to the present volume.

21. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer. 8 leaves, 40 lines, with printed signatures (b on b1).

Collation : a b⁴; 8 leaves (1-8). Leaf 1^a Salomonis et Marcolphi dyalogus. Leaf 2^a [c] Um staret salomō sup soliū dauid p̄ris sui plenus sapi-|| etc. 8^a li 38 Finitum ē hoc opusculum.

Copies : University Library, Cambridge.

* * On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a cut of Æsop, surrounded with a border of white hexagons on a black ground. The verso of the leaf is the same as the recto. The cut is again repeated on the verso of the last leaf.

22. Quarto. Without date or place. Felix Baligault (Paris, c. 1500). 10 leaves, 40 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : A⁶, B⁴; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a Salomonis et marcolphi || Dyalogus. Leaf 9^a monis. Post hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace.|| Finis. Leaf 10 blank.

Copies : Bodleian, Douce 129.

Holtrop Catalogus BRH. Not in Hain or Brunet.

* * On the recto of the first leaf below the title is the printer's device.

23. Quarto. Without date. Deventer, J. de Breda. 10 leaves, 36 & 37 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation : a⁶, b⁴; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1^a ☞ Colla-

tiones quas dicūtur fecisse mutuo rex Sa || lomon
sapiētiſſimus et Marcolphus facie deformis ꝛ
tur || piſſimus tū vt fertur eloquētīſſimus Impres-
sum dauentrie || per Jacobum de breda. Leaf 10^a
lomonis regis. Post hoc domū remeās q̄euit in
pace. Leaf 10^b blank.

Copies : Royal Library, the Hague.

Campbell 457, 458. Probably after 1500.

The following list of Latin editions printed after 1500
does not pretend to be exhaustive :—

24. Quarto. 1502. Venice : J. B. Sessa. 8 leaves, 39
lines.

25. Quarto. (c. 1510, Quentell, Cologne.) 8 leaves,
42 lines. Hain *14250.

26. Quarto. 1514. Landeshut : J. Weyssenburger.
10 leaves, 39 lines. With 15 illustrations.

27. Octavo. (c. 1515.) Paris (Jehan Frellon). 12
leaves, 32 lines.

28. Quarto. 1521. Without place or name of printer.

29. Octavo. Without date. John Mauditier impensis P.
Regnault. 12 leaves.

GERMAN EDITIONS—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

30. Quarto. 1477. Nuremberg: Mark Ayrer. 15 (16?) leaves, without printed signatures. Leaf 1^a Frag und antwort Salomōis uñ marcolfi. Ends: volendet in der werden Stat Nurmbergk von Marco Ayrer im LYYVII Jare.

Hain 14257.

* * With 15 illustrations. There is some question as to the genuineness of the date of this book, most authorities ascribing it to 1482.

31. Quarto. 1490. Augsburg: John Schopsser. 24 leaves, 26 lines, with printed signatures.

Collation: 24 leaves (1-24). Leaf 1^a Red und wider-red || Salomois uñ marcolfi. Ends: ¶ Gedruckt zu Augspurg zu LYYYY. iar || von johanne schopsser.

Hain 14258.

* * With four illustrations.

32. 1496. Ulm: H. Zainer. With four illustrations.

33. 1498. Ulm: H. Zainer. With four illustrations.

EDITIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES.

34. El dyalogo de Salomon ⁊ Marcolpho. Quarto. 1502. Venice: J. B. Sessa. 8 leaves, 38 lines.

46 LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

35. Les Ditz de Salomon et de Marculphus, translatez du latin en françois par Maistre iehan diury. 1509. Paris: Guillaume Eustace.

36. Dat dyalogus of twisprake tusschen der wisen coninck Salomon ende Marcolphus. Quarto, 1501. Antwerp: H. Eckert van Homberch.

